The Messenger.

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

Dr A H Strickler
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THE MESSENGER.
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REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D.,
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Poetry.

HOPING.

"*We are saved by hope.*"—Rom. viii. 24.

Let me not with spirit broken,
When the surges o'er me sweep,
E'er suppose that they betoken,
I must perish in the deep.
Help me to discern Thy leading,
Lord, and that Thou'rt fitting me
Through the trials I am needing,
Evermore to dwell with Thee.

Thou didst enter on Thy glory
Only through Thy untold woes,
When the pains of hell swept o'er Thee,
And death's sorrows did inclose;
Nor can words portray Thine anguish
When upon the bloody tree,
Thou unto Thy Father criedst,
"Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

Such has been the constant chalice
Of Thy saints in every age—
Buffeted by hellish malice
And assailed by Satan's rage—
And as Thou didst ne'er forsake them
In their woe and misery,
Thou wilt in Thy time deliver
Those who now await for Thee.

May we then as precious tokens
Of Thy love e'er recognize,
All through which Thou here dost lead us
To prepare us for the skies.
Who, by suffering pain and travail,
Yea, and by affliction's dread,
Wouldst to conformation bring us
To our Leader and our Head.

—*Exchange.*

Communications.

For The Messenger.

IN MEMORIAM.

Rev. John Ault.

The death of the Rev. John Ault, in the midst of a career of extraordinary usefulness, is an event that is deserving of special commemoration. We are, of course, aware that he has been called to go up higher; that the world upon which he has entered is the real world, while ours is the changeable and evanescent; but at the same time, it is but natural that we should mourn over his early departure, and that we should seek to gather and preserve a few memories of his life and labors.

The Rev. John Ault was born at Annville, Lebanon county, Pa., on the first of April, 1836, and was baptized in infancy by the Rev. H. Wagner. His parents were William Ault and his wife Elizabeth, whose maiden name was Black. The present writer has frequently heard him say that he was equally of German and of Irish descent; and it really seemed as though in him the best qualities of these two nations had been exquisitely blended; for to the warm-hearted enthusiasm of his mother's people he united German patience and unremitting labor.

During his whole life Brother Ault felt especially grateful to the Rev. Dr. F. W. Kremer, of Lebanon, who confirmed him, and first discovered in him those talents which rendered him so eminently suited to the work of the ministry. Under the advice of his pastor, he, in 1853, entered the Freshman class of Franklin and Marshall College, where he took a full course and graduated with honor, in 1857. At this period he passed through a struggle of which but few of his friends had the slightest conception. As his early death has once more illustrated the truth that all the glory of man is as the flower of the field, it cannot be wrong to say that in his case the flower was exceedingly beautiful. Indeed, his personal appearance and manners were so attractive that he was everywhere a welcome guest, and the world sought in many ways to win him for her own. The struggle was short but decisive. When he determined to study for the ministry it required no small sacrifice of personal inclinations, but it was made without reservation. From that time he felt that he belonged entirely to the service of the Saviour, and nothing could ever tempt him to wander from the chosen path.

Mr. Ault in 1857 entered the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, where he remained one year. He was licensed in 1858 by the Classis of Lebanon, and was subsequently received by the Classis of Zion and ordained pastor of the Trindle Spring charge in Cumberland county. Here, on the 29th of July, 1859, he was united in matrimony to Miss Isabella Wagner, who still lives to mourn his loss. In 1859 he accepted a call to the churches at Loudon and St. Thomas, in Franklin county, which he continued to serve until 1863. It was here that his extraordinary abilities as a pastor began to be generally recognized. He labored incessantly, and during his brief pastorate added one hundred and thirty-five members to the Church. In 1863 Mr. Ault removed to Mechanicsburg, Cumberland county, where he remained for ten years. This was the charge which had many years before been almost ruined by Rev. John Weinbrenner, when he founded the so-called "Church of God." In a published discourse, delivered on the tenth anniversary of his pastorate, Mr. Ault says, with reference to the time when he first came to Mechanicsburg: "The charge was then composed of four congregations, viz.: Trindle Spring, Peace Church, Churchtown and Filey's. These four congregations at that time contained, unitedly, one hundred and ten communicant members. There were only about forty-five communicant members in both Peace and Trindle churches combined; and this then constituted the entire membership on which it was possible to rely in this neighborhood." With fifteen of these members Mr. Ault organized a congregation in Mechanicsburg, and in 1864 built a church. This church was soon found to be too small, and in 1868 it was considerably enlarged. The building cost upwards of $12,000, of which all but $3,000 was contributed by the congregation itself. At the end of ten years it was found that the church at Mechanicsburg had given to various church purposes not less than $19,000, and that the membership had increased from fifteen to two hundred and fifty.

In 1873 Brother Ault accepted a call from the charge which he occupied until his death, consisting of four churches (Christ church, Littlestown, St. Luke's, and St. James'), all in Adams county. It was an important field which for various reasons had suffered greatly; and it was at the earnest solicitations of several neighboring ministers that he undertook the task of cultivating it. We have not the statistics of his labors in this charge, but we know that in five years he added over five hundred members. The old Christ church (called "Kreutz Kirche" in our early annals) entirely remodeled its church building; St. James' church was also rebuilt. The church at Littlestown had been organized in 1860, but it had grown slowly, and its building was not completed until 1872. At the late pastor's first communion in 1873, there were but twenty-nine communicants; five years later the writer assisted him at a communion when the number of communicants was two hundred and twenty-six. The church being, as usual, found too small, was extended nineteen feet and was otherwise remodeled. In this way the congregations increased in membership, daily becoming more prosperous, but at the same time more laborious. Several efforts were made to divide the charge; but they failed, for reasons which we do not deem necessary to rehearse; and thus the weight grew heavier until at last it crushed the faithful pastor.

It is difficult to enumerate the special reasons for the extraordinary success which attended the labors of our departed brother. As a man his manners were agreeable. He possessed a certain indefinable personal magnetism which drew men to him, and assured them, that it would be safe to follow wherever he might lead. Nor were they mistaken in believing that in accepting him as their pastor they and their households were securing a faithful friend, who would do all in his power to promote their spiritual and temporal interests. He bore his people in his heart, and whatever he did, he was constantly thinking of them. Thus, for instance, he says, in writing to an intimate friend, about a month before his death: "We had Classis here in May, as you are no doubt aware, and enjoyed a delightful meeting. Barring a few trifling exceptions, everything passed off very pleasantly and encouragingly. The attendance at all the services was uncommonly large. Indeed, I have scarcely ever seen such continuously fine attendance either at Classis or Synod. You may be sure *I felt good on it;* and on the Sunday following the adjournment, I gave my people hearty praise, as they well deserved."

A pastor who could write thus concerning his people would naturally feel the keenest pleasure in their society. Hence, though he annually made more than six hundred pastoral visits, every one of them was a source of pleasure to himself, as well as a blessing to the family which he visited.

As a preacher, Mr. Ault was exceedingly earnest and solemn. He had but little time to devote to the arts of rhetoric, but the people understood him and heard him gladly. At every service his eye was quick to discover the absent members of the flock, and he wasted no time before going forth to gather them.

Mr. Ault was in no sense fanatical. He had no love for new doctrines or for new methods. His great ingatherings were not the result of special scenes of extraordinary excitement, but rather the fruit of earnest, faithful, unremitting labor.

As may be well supposed, Mr. Ault had but little time for literary employments; yet even in this respect he was not idle. He was a frequent correspondent of various periodicals, and many of our readers will remember his numerous practical articles under the signature of "John." He also published a number of pamphlets, devoted principally to the history of his churches. He used to say: "I must teach my people to respect themselves in order that others may respect them."

That can be no doubt but that our brother was worn out by the excess of labor which he imposed upon himself. He had several warnings that his strength was failing, but seems not to have fully appreciated their meaning. His active spirit could take no rest, and at last, like the sword of Damascus, it cut through its perishable sheath.

Our brother's final illness lasted about ten days. The disease was pronounced typhoid fever, which in his debilitated condition his system was unable to resist. He remained conscious almost to the end; and on the day of his death he prayed most earnestly for his beloved congregations, as well as for his wife and the five dear children whom the Lord had given him. He died on Monday, July 26th, aged 44 years, 3 months and 26 days.

On Thursday, the 29th ult., we committed his remains to their final resting-place. The following ministers of the Reformed Church were present, and either took part in the services or acted as pall-bearers: Rev. J. A. Peters, J. O. Miller, J. W. Santee, W. K. Zieber, A. R. Kremer, Wm. Rupp, J. H. Dubbs, W. R. H. Deatrich, P. A. Long, W. E. Krebs, W. D. Lefevre, and S. F. Laury. Five ministers of other denominations were also in attendance.

The chief part of the funeral services were held in the church at Littlestown. A suitable funeral sermon was preached by Rev. John A. Peters, of Lancaster, after which addresses were delivered by Rev. Drs. W. K. Zieber and J. H. Dubbs. The remains of the departed were then taken to Christ church, where the burial service was read by the Rev. Dr. J. O. Miller. Here the tomb will occupy a prominent position near the church-door, where it will be seen every Lord's day by hundreds of worshipers who will gratefully remember him who first led their feet into the path of peace.

We mourn the loss of our beloved brother. "The strong staff" is, indeed, broken, and "the beautiful rod." But we are also glad to know that he has been raised to a higher sphere, where the seeds which he strewed will bring him an abundant harvest. While, therefore, we say with streaming eyes, "Thy will be done!" we also add the glorious doxology, "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever!"

J. H. D.

Selections.

THE ROMANCE OF THE VALLEY.

BY PROF. WILLIAM M. NEVIN.

But apart from patriotic songs and rhapsodies in honor of fallen martyrs, are there not still remaining in the Valley some old Indian legends of love and murder capable and deserving of being wrought by some skillful hand into tragic ballads or romantic stories? We know not how fortunate may have been some other members of the Historical Society in their researches in the coves of the mountains among the oldest inhabitants, in rescuing any such from oblivion, but as for my own success, I am constrained to say, that if there are any such still remaining it has not yet been my happy lot to be made acquainted with them; and indeed I am rather inclined to believe that in the early times, owing to the bitter animosities then existing between the two peoples of different races, that any such preserved legends were never communicated to the whites, and that from the Valley, in which they properly belonged, the memory of them has forever passed away with the departure of the aborigines.

But after the Indians had departed, to say nothing of the bears and wolves and other wild animals which still infested them, did there not besides lurk in the mountains some noted freebooter to cast a terror over them and shade them with romance? Even here in this secluded fold of the Kittatinny, have we not on the side of the opposite mountain, immediately facing you, and almost observable from this point, the cave of David Lewis, the noted robber, who, in the early part of this century, kept for a while the whole Valley in dread and alarm? With all his robberies, however, of stage-coaches and solitary travelers and escapes from civil justice, we are constrained to say he does not come up to the proper standard of a romantic robber. Of the two descriptions he was possessed of neither the ferocious aspect nor remorseless cruelty of the regular terrific brigand, nor again of any of those redeeming qualities, or virtues, of magnanimity and generosity of conduct that were wont to be met with in the chivalrous bandits of old, as to constitute him either a suitable hero for some wild, thrilling romance, or a proper subject to be rendered famous through some laudatory ballad or song. How far do the valorous exploits of himself and his two associates, Connelly and Cæsar Rodney, his colored accomplice, fall below, when compared with those of "the English ballad singer's joy," the renowned Robin Hood, and his jovial fellows, Little John, Scarlock, George O'Green, Friar Tuck, and their hundred valliant men besides, in merry Sherwood, waging frank and open war against Sheriff and law, and often relieving the proud earls and lordly bishops of their superabundant wealth, but only to bestow it again on oppressed widows and orphans, or on needy knights and squires; but at other times it was only in shooting the King's fat fallow deer in the green forest that they exercised their bows and arrows, or in belaboring some of their own selves, or some renowned adversaries worthy of their valor, venturing in the woods, of equal metal with themselves, that they deigned to exercise their swords and sticks, not, to be sure, for acquiring any booty, but all for the sake of renown among themselves, and for the mere love of the game.

As the honey-bee first came over to America in the ships of the white settlers, which, by its always preceding them in the forest, gave token beforehand to the Indians of the near approaching of their future supplanters, and hence by them was called the White Man's fly, so also those superhuman beings by which some of our mountains and valleys are now haunted, and by which the manitous of the Red man have been forever driven out, were first introduced into this country in early times, in their ships, by the Dutch and the English. As by the good Dutch *frau*, of whom we read in Knickerbocker's New York, a spring of delicious fresh water, secreted in a churn, had been smuggled over from old Holland and sunk and planted in her garden in New Amsterdam, to be thereafter a source of continual healthfulness and delight to herself and family and neighbors; so also by the Dutch settlers have many of the old legends belonging to the Black Forest or Kyphauser mountains been conveyed in part to this country and given a local habitation and a name in Sleepy Hollow, or in the recesses of the Highlands along the Hudson. The wonder is, however, that no such enchantment as these afford to places has as yet been ever imparted to Cumberland Valley. Why did not some of her early settlers bring along with them in their ships, from old Scotland or Ireland, some brownies or fairies to frequent their houses or abide in her mountains? The reason is obvious. Because the Valley lies too far away from the sea-coast. Your brownies or fairies, or spooks of any kind, can never be conveyed to any distance over the dry land. They must always be transported by water and in ships. To be carried in wagons or in stage-coaches or in whirring cars would drive them out of their senses. Hence Hendrick Hudson and his ghostly crew of the Half-Moon, in their antique garbs, could never be coming back every twentieth year to renew their solemn game at nine-pins and quaff their old Hollands, in their wonted place of rendezvous in the hidden deep ravine of the Katskill, as they are now doing, were not that mountain situate immediately along side of, and, in its proud majesty, overlooking the lordly Hudson.

Now the two rivers, the Susquehanna and the Potomac, which bound the two extremes of the Cumberland Valley, though mighty or expanded the while, are yet not sufficiently so to be navigable, as they pass along, even *for the smallest steamers, so far above their estuaries; and the several creeks, which,* after draining the Valley, flow into them, are by no means so imposing in their aspect, in many places, as to call forth enthusiastic admiration, and of none of them are the names sufficiently sonorous and musical as to be well adapted for falling in accordantly with any soft melodious verse. Burns, in his early day, complains to a brother poet that, while the Tay, the Yarrow, and the Tweed, the preceding poets, Ramsay and Ferguson, had made famous by their songs, yet such rivers in his own immediate neighborhood, as,

"Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon,
Nae body sings;"

Yet, owing to his pre-eminent genius, and the talent of some later bards, no rivers in all Scotland are now farther known abroad than are these same latter mentioned, and whose names have been made to glide more sweetly in many a tuneful line; yet what poet with even the genius of Burns could ever bestow like favor on any of the creeks of Cumberland Valley by reducing to orderly feet and measure such long barbarous, untunable Indian names as are theirs—the Antietam and the Conococheague, the Yellow Breeches and the Conodoguinet?

Yet, after all, "what's in a name?" Notwithstanding their unmusical appellations these creeks in many places are replete with romantic beauty; as for instance, while yet infant streams, in the deep recesses of the mountains they come rippling and tumbling down the ravines along their rocky beds, overhung with fresh ferns and blooming rhododendrons, and evergreen laurels, and overshaded by graceful pines, and stately, fragrant birches, and trees of every sort, often overcharged with a wealth of vines, till augmented by many tributaries on the way they reach the widened gorges, and thence issue forth, as full grown creeks, ready to keep in motion, through their dams, any number of mills and factories, as they go on meandering through the Valley in their varied courses, to meet at last, each, their respective destined rivers; and no where do we know of any streams more charmingly beautiful than are those smaller ones gushing forth from their large crystal fountains in the very heart of the Valley, still holding so well their own pellucidness and beauty for the whole distance of the few miles which they flow ere they disembogue into the larger creeks, that they have very properly been honored throughout their whole courses with their appellation of *Springs*, on the banks of which, from the time of their earliest settlement, have the Scotch Irish Presbyterians always shown their good taste to have erected, first before the Revolution, their simple wooden, and afterward their substantial stone, and still later, some of them their neat brick churches.

To be continued.

Family Reading.

For the Messenger.

TRUST.

LINES TO R. C. C.

It is easy to sing God's praises
When the sun is shining bright,
When the soul its song upraises
In the rapture of delight.

It is well to admire the wonders
Of Nature, and Nature's God,
When His rolling chariot thunders
As He casts his darts abroad.

It is glorious to brave the ocean,
When the waves are riding high;
For in all the wild commotion,
Though Christ sleep, He still is nigh.

It is grand to fight the life battle,
When the heart throbs deep and strong;
Midst music, and roar, and rattle,
To engage the giant Wrong.

It is joy to share the world's working—
To plan, to build, to decree;
To find out the secrets lurking
In the earth, and air, and sea.

But ah, when the sun is not shining,
And clouds and darkness enwrap!
Can the soul, without repining,
Sit content in Sorrow's lap?

When the dews and freshening showers
Are gone, and the blazing sun
Withers up our drooping flowers,
Can we say—Thy will be done?

When the winds and the wild upheaval
Are followed by calm despair;
When we hear no voice primeval,
Can we trust—He still is there?

When the tide of battle is turning,
And wrong seems stronger than right,
Dismayed, and for succor yearning,
Can we still take heart to fight?

If we're left by the wayside sitting,
To look at the working throng;
Our own day in weakness flitting,
Do we cry—"O, Lord, how long?"

Well, the Lord, He knoweth our changes,
He knoweth our day is brief;
His eye the universe ranges,
Yet He shares our smallest grief.

The Lord hath respect to our weakness,
He heareth our feeblest cry;
The soul that is bowed in meekness,
He raiseth up by and by.

—*F. R. W.*

MARRIED LIFE.

An unfortunate source of unhappiness in married life is neglect on the part of husbands. They become absorbed in professional pursuits; often they are long absent from home, or they give themselves up to exclusively selfish amusements, just as if they were still bachelors. In such circumstances their unhappy wives *feel as if they had been tricked* into a contract that has not been fulfilled. When the woman vowed to "obey," the man promised to "cherish," which at least infers personal attention and honorable treatment. The husband plainly breaks his promise. He has fallen short of his duty. He may cheerfully pay all the money required to carry on the domestic concern, but that is only a simple obligation. It cannot be called cherishing. It demonstrates no affection; neither does munificence in pin-money. A check on a bank is not equivalent to the love and kindness which were reasonably expected from the being to whom she had confidingly resigned her independence. What a heart-breaking sequel to a youthful dream of felicity! We can hardly bring ourselves to picture the dissensions that frequently occur, with finally an unseemly and incurable rupture. Perhaps not quite finally. The divorce court, statements in which newspapers revel, and weeks of town talk may close up the rear, and add one more to the hideous stories of outrage on the decencies of married life.

There are other causes for regret from having impetuously rushed into matrimony. Beyond all on one side or other there may be serious constitutional infirmities. People take great care to match horses and other animals, in order to maintain a pure and vigorous lineage. Little or no care is taken on this score when contracting a scheme of matrimony. A young man heedlessly marries into a family known to be affected with some hereditary disease, never reflecting until too late on the consequences of his act. He forgets that in a physical as well as in a mental sense the sins of the fathers are apt to be visited on the children. With his eyes open, he takes to his bosom a wife who will in all likelihood end her days in an asylum, and whose progeny can scarcely fail to share in her deplorable infirmity. Where is the comfort of having a family defective in mental qualifications? You may endow them with the fortune realized by years of successful industry; but from the fatal taint we speak of, it is out of your power to bequeath to them brains or common sense.

"Can troubled or polluted springs
A hallowed stream afford?"

Indisputably they cannot, and the fact should be borne in mind in the matter of courtship. Let not the institution of marriage be charged with the calamity. Your own rash conduct in forming the alliance is at fault. We may be sorry for you in the trying circumstances, but the penalty of indiscretion is inevitable.

The Vicar of Wakefield tells us that he chose his wife as he chose her wedding gown, which was on the principle of selecting one that would wear well. If in the article of marriage you fix on a flimsy material, take the consequences, and blame nobody but yourself. The market is open. Do not be in a hurry. Yet do not put off the time because you happen to be unable to start on a high scale of worldly wealth. Early marriages may not be always commendable; but wait, wait, waiting to reach some imaginary standard is—all other things being equal—by no means sound policy. Burns pathetically sings,

"Oh, why should Fate sic pleasure have
Life's dearest bands untwining,
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on fortune's shining?"

Advice in a matter of this kind goes for very little. Every one takes his or her own way. No doubt it is distressing to see, as you sometimes do, young people making sacrifices to be married and landing themselves in semi-starvation. We have heard of a lady who earnestly advised Jane, her female attendant, not to marry, as the step would surely end in misery. The girl in reply said she was tired of being a servant and wished to rest her bones. "Well, Jane," asked the lady, some time afterward, "have you rested your bones?" "Yes," replied Jane, rather dismally; "but it has been my jawbones!" Without due precaution, risks like this may have to be encountered in the matrimonial lottery.

Ordinarily marriage inspires to exertion, and thus brings its own special reward. In the choice of assistants for some official duty, the married man is for the most part preferred. He has given hostages to Fortune for his good behavior. Besides this peculiar advantage, he experiences the pleasure of seeing his

"Children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share."

We can picture nothing more charming than a scene of domestic felicity like this, nor one more calculated to nerve to enterprises on which rests individual and national prosperity. In married life there are likewise pleasures of memory held precious though the hearth be partially desolate. When, by the visitation of Providence, children are swept away, and one of the parents has perhaps been left in a widowed condition, the survivor recalls in imagination many tender incidents in the past which no celibate can *possibly experience*:

"When time, which steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past shall stay,
And half our joys renew."

Who, then, has the heart, with heedless levity, to deprecate or speak contemptuously of the Matrimonial?—*Harper's Weekly.*

MAKE YOURSELF A NECESSITY TO OTHERS.

Prettiness makes no pottage. In a country of blind people, the one-eyed man is a king. It is a hard saying as applied to some: "Your main fault is, you are good for nothing." You may be a wise man, and yet not know how to make a watch. Know something useful to man. Good counsel has no price; be able to give that. In truth you are already a necessity, but you, by suitable application, may become of more and greater use to your fellows—your life a benediction and your death a mourning. Emerson was of the impression that "each man has an aptitude born in him to do easily some feat impossible to any other." Find out your gift and be quite good for something. "He who has not a good tongue should have good hands," is a saying worth remembering. So, if you lack in one place, make up in some other. See that you have a gift, or a talent, or a genius, that will make you somewhere, or sometime, a blessing or a necessity. God would not give you, or any person, being in this world without a work to do in it or for it—some visible or tangible work to be left behind when you die, as a monument of your life and labor.

Sickness, accident, or death, may stop the busy hands of a very competent man, and his employer, with anxious eye, will be looking around for some one to take his place. He cannot wait a single day for you to prepare, without loss to himself and others. Be qualified to fill the vacancy. Prepare the way. Character is power; but it is not gained at once. It forms the groundwork and glory of a happy and successful life. It commends itself where millions of money will not. Competent and trustworthy men are much needed. All the business avenues of life are bleeding and suffering for want of men of character. Are you fit for use in positions of trust?

Nature draws more than ten oxen. God has given some charm, which, if not clouded by idleness, prodigality, or wine, will draw to your bosom your full share of earth's golden fruits. Let God speak through you, and men will hear. If need be, create new wants. The French say, "New meat begets new appetite." Furnish something fresh. Variety in this luxurious age has become to be a necessity. Furnish some of the spice of life that you may live yourself, and let your spice be so fresh, ingenious, healthful and invigorating, that, like water, bread and air, *you are demanded.*—*Methodist.*

WORDS TO THINK OF.

Work is no dishonor, and laziness is no credit to any one. It is good to have good wages; but half pay is better than nothing, and working for nothing is better than idleness and vice. There is no true manhood without independence. He whose individuality is swallowed up by fashion, folly, or society, has lost that which he may never regain, and without which his life must be a vain one. He who restrains himself from luxury may help others in necessity. He who helps others may look to God to help him. Difficulties are placed in our way that we may overcome them, and pass through conflicts to victories, and through victories, to triumphs. Pride goes before destruction, but honor, and nobleness, and independence of soul, are approved of God, and are profitable to man.

DISOBLIGING PEOPLE.

It is easy to recognize your disobliging person. He has no idea of being put out for anybody. Money will not buy him, nor tears nor smiles; not even his own personal interest beyond the mere convenience of the moment. It is not enough to say that he is selfish, for there are other forms of selfishness, more intelligent or more cunning, which permit some degree of exertion for others with a view to personal benefit later. But your disobliging person has no such far-seeing philosophy. He holds his course and recognizes no reason why that should be crossed by what he calls the less important one of his neighbor; by his practice of not looking for opportunities to serve he ceases to see them, and all his circle ceases to ask or expect any consideration from him. Thus he reaps his reward, for it is undoubtedly true that disobliging people get through the world with a minimum of fatigue and exertion.

Where do these creatures come from? They must be born so, for in a young and growing family it often happens that there is one thus labelled: "No thoroughfare," out of whom nothing is to be got. It is a accepted fact; happily the same circle almost inevitably possesses another member who will fetch and carry to any extent. Education and example do much. If the head of the family belongs to the race of the disobliging, the trait is pretty sure to run through the household down to the very dog upon the doorstep, who will not move for you to pass in or out; but if the general atmosphere of the house is one of mutual help and kindly interchange of services, the disobliging element must for very shame hide itself and disappear.

The words "unamiable" and "disobliging" are not synonymous terms, for the people now discussed are often delightful companions for the moment; the consciousness they have of never allowing themselves to be "put upon" expands over them a sort of affability; their minds may be well informed, their manners attractive, their charms irresistible. Only do not venture the experiment of asking them any favor, however trifling, unless you would risk the breaking of the spell.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

STRONG MEN.

Strength of character consists of wo things—power of will and power of restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings, and strong command over them. Now we all very often mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake, because he has his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that he is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those that subdue him. And hence, composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we ever see a man receive a flagrant injury, and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we ever see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of a solid rock, mastering himself? or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be provoked and yet restrain himself and forgive, those are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.

MYSTERY AND FAITH.

There is an almost irresistible fascination in mysteries that baffle us. We flit about them and hover over them like bees around a flower-bed. The future world lies before us like a shadowy landscape. We can see only its dim outlines, but we seek to know more. The dealings of God with man are very mysterious. There is a high and far-reaching plan whose details we cannot understand. And, because we cannot comprehend God and His ways, we sometimes frame theories and construct doctrines that are utterly at variance with the Word of God. We give ourselves a great deal of trouble about matters that are above and beyond us. For example: Why should we know what God will do with the heathen? Why should we know how He will adjust their relations in the general plan? We are not charged with the government of the world. He will attend to that Himself. He will do right—this we know. And if we knew all the details of His plan we would know no more than what is covered by the certainty that God will do right. The little bird clings to its frail twig when the tempest rocks the trees, though wrapped in darkness and surrounded with dangers. So may the child of God, clinging with sublime and simple trust to the divine promises, rest securely and calmly, though darkness and tempest fall thick upon him. The "secret things belong unto God," but the "secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him," and the mystery of peace is revealed to their souls.—*Evangelical Messenger.*

GOD'S TITHE.

One-tenth of ripened grain,
One-tenth of tree and vine;
One-tenth of all the yield
From ten-tenths' rain and shine.

One-tenth of lowing herds,
That browse on hill and plain;
One-tenth of bleating flocks,
For ten-tenths' shine and rain.

One-tenth of all increase,
From counting-room and mart;
One-tenth that science yields,
One-tenth of every art.

One-tenth of loom and press,
One-tenth of mill and mine;
One-tenth of every craft
Wrought out by gifts of Thine.

One-tenth of glowing words
That glowing guineas hold;
One-tenth of written thoughts
That turn to shining gold.

One-tenth! and dost Thou, Lord,
But ask this meagre loan,
When all the earth is Thine,
And all we have Thine own?

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

BY MARILLA.

The clouds were gathering in the western sky, and for some time they had seemed to be gathering on Lizzie Monroe's face as she bent over her book, without even noticing that the April wind, as it came through the window, occasionally turned a leaf or two.

Lizzie's mother watched her, wondering what had occurred to sadden her daughter, who was usually so cheerful. Still Mrs. Monroe's fine motherly intuition kept her from speaking until she heard a deep sigh.

"What troubles you, Lizzie?" the mother asked kindly.

"O, mamma," came the pathetic reply, "I can't make up my mind what to do. I really don't know who is my neighbor. I believe I want to do right, and truly love my neighbor as Christ would have me. Now do please help me to decide, or decide for me, which would be much better I think;" and the young girl looked appealingly to her mother.

"No, Lizzie, I am ready to help you all I can, but in cases of conscience you must decide for yourself. Not even a mother can decide for you there with safety. But I will listen now. I would know why you are troubled."

"Well, mamma, I have been trying to love my neighbor as myself, and so fulfil the law of Christ, and I thought I would invite all the girls who are my neighbors, to my birth-day party. Today I was talking with Sue Highgate about it and she doesn't wish me to invite Fanny Morris, and says if I do, she will stay away."

"What reasons does she give for it?"

"Oh, she says Fanny is not a fit person for us to associate with, and that she does not belong to our set, and that she ought not to expect an invitation."

"And why is Fanny not a fit person for you and Sue to associate with?"

"She did not give any reason that you would call very good. She talked of her want of style, and said it was easy to see that Fanny was not a high-bred lady. I suppose that she meant that her parents were poor compared with others."

"Surely, my daughter, you would not allow such reasons to have any weight with you."

"No, mamma, it is not that which troubles me, but when I told Sue that Fanny was my neighbor, and I must invite her because I wouldn't like to be left out if one of the other girls had a party, she said that Fanny did not live on our street, and I need not call her a neighbor unless I chose. Then too, if Fanny comes Sue will stay away, and be angry with me about it, and that would spoil the whole party. One minute I think I will do as Sue said, and not call Fanny my neighbor, but the next minute I think how unkind that would be. Now do help me to know my duty."

"Well, Lizzie, in the first place we will let Jesus say who is your neighbor. You remember His own story of the good Samaritan?"

"Yes, mamma, I know Christ taught then that the one who showed kindness to the sufferers was the neighbor, instead of the one who lived the nearest. But then I am not suffering."

"How was it last year when those pages of hard problems were given you to do, and your class was bidden to help each other, and come before the teacher with every problem worked?"

"I remember now; how could I forget? Fanny Morris helped me when the other girls would not, because I was so much younger than they. They said I had no right in their class."

"And when you had the fever, Lizzie, who was it that left all pleasure for your sake, and sat by you with interesting books and helped me to take care of you when you were too sick to hear reading?"

For a moment Lizzie was thoughtfully silent, then a light broke over her face as she said, "It was Fanny and no other. I am sure Jesus would say she was my neighbor. I will invite her and trust to Him for the consequences."

Fanny Morris was made very happy by an invitation to Lizzie Monroe's party, for she had been grieved by the slights of the other rich men's daughters in the neighborhood; this more than paid for all she had borne.

Sue Highgate did not stay away, but declared Lizzie's loving heart capable of overcoming all prejudice.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

BARLEY WATER is made by boiling an ounce of barley in a quart of water until it is reduced one-half, when it must be strained, cooled and salted or sweetened, as the patient may desire. It is a refreshing and soothing drink for persons suffering with inflammations of the mucous membrane.

INDIAN DOWDIE.—Take a three quart pan and cut it not quite full of quartered apples, sprinkle a little salt over, pour in water till they are not quite covered, then make ready a "batch" of johnny-cake or brown bread dough and cover the apples heaping up a little. Set in the oven and bake till the crust is done and the apples soft, then take out, break up the crust, and stir all in among the apple, mixing and mixing till both are well incorporated. Cover close and keep warm, not hot. Then take out a plateful and pour over it milk (or cream) and with a bit of cheese, you will have "a dish fit for a king."

DUSTING CAPS.—I have lately made one, and chose plain dark calico, using an oval piece twenty-two inches long and eighteen inches wide; this was bound with gray plaid, and another strip half an inch wide was put on an inch from the edge. Under this last I ran rubber cord, and finished with a knot of ribbon in front. I wear it while doing all my morning work, for it not only protects my hair from every particle of dust, but hides its semi-roughness from all early and inopportune callers. Besides this, it is very easily drawn down over my temples while standing in a sudden draught of air, for I have learned that neuralgic nerves are very sensitive.

SOME OF MISS CORSON'S TEACHINGS.—Potatoes, any time of the year, can be made mealy if boiled in salt and water and drained and then covered with a thick towel and left in back of the range five minutes.

Cooks make the mistake of boiling things too much. After reaching the boiling-point meats should simmer. The toughest meats can be made tender by so doing.

It is always best to under-season rather than to over-season food.

When anything is accidentally made too salt it can be counteracted by adding a tablespoonful of vinegar and a tablespoonful of sugar.

Meats of any kind should not be washed, but wiped with a towel to preserve the juices and quality.

Miscellaneous.

ONLY, YET ALL.

Only a mortal's powers,
Weak at their fullest strength;
Only a few swift, flashing hours,
Short at their fullest length.

Only one heart to give,
Only one voice to use,
Only one little life to live,
And only one to lose.

Poor is my best, and small;
How could I dare divide?
Surely my Lord shall have it all,
He shall not be denied!

All! for far more I owe
Than all I have to bring;
All! for my Saviour loves me so;
All! for I love my King.

All! for it is His own,
He gave the tiny store;
All! for it must be His alone;
All! for I have no more.

All! for the last and least
He stoopeth to uplift!
The altar of my great High Priest
Shall sanctify my gift.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

THE TAKING OF THE BASTILE.

The nucleus of the Bastile, the anniversary of the destruction of which was celebrated in Paris on the 14th of July last, were two massive towers, one on each side of the gate of St. Antoine. Six others were added to these, and the series was connected by a thick wall between each. The entire structure was then surrounded by a moat twenty-five feet wide, which in earlier days was kept filled with fresh water, which later on became the common receptacle for its sewage. The Bastile, originally erected by Hugues Aubriat in 1369, was from time to time added to and altered inside, but externally it ever remained substantially the same. It figures quite extensively as a fortress in French history. When Charles VII., whom Joan of Arc led out of misfortune, retook Paris from the English in 1436, his enemies took refuge there, and if hunger had not compelled them to capitulate, they would have been able to make a stubborn defense. When in 1588, the Parliament of Paris refused its adhesion to the Catholic League, the Duke of Guise shut the entire body up within its walls, and when Henry of Navarre took the city he made it his treasure house and set the faithful Sully over it to guard it. During the wars of the Fronde it was subjected to a two days' siege, when it was briskly cannonaded for a brief time. Its guns did good service also in the famous fight between the forces of Conde and Turenne at the Porte St. Antoine, when the former owed their safe retreat into the city to its well-directed fire. The Bastile did not actually become notorious as a State Prison until the reign of Louis XIII., although high personages were confined in it from time to time almost from its first existence—in fact, if tradition is to be believed, the very noble who built it by the King's command was the first one to pine away in its deep recesses. A lettre-de-cachet from the King was all that was required to bring any one there, and once there it was no easy matter to get out, for nothing but another order from the King would have the least effect—it being to the interest of the Governor to have as many prisoners as possible, as he was allowed so much per head; and the scale of prices was very liberal—so much so that the post was looked upon as a very fat berth for any one who had no objection to doing dirty work. Not only men, but women and children, found their way into the Bastile, so that there was often a lack of accommodations. Their cells were all in the high round towers, where a heavy iron grating and a peculiar construction of the windows prevented more than a modicum of the daylight from entering. The dungeons were slightly beneath the level of the moat, and a narrow opening into the ditch was all the provision for fresh air and light. The foul odors, which were all that the prisoner in one of these could get as a substitute for fresh air, soon broke down his health, and unless he was of very robust constitution he did not live long. The building had accommodations for fifty state prisoners, but when its doors were opened on that memorable 14th of July, 1789, only seven were found, among them being a man who had been a prisoner thirty years, and who had become so weakened in his intellect during that time that he begged piteously to be allowed to remain—he was so used to the gloom and silence. Another had been imprisoned when a boy of eleven, and although he was now long past man's estate neither he nor anybody seemed to have known why he was there. On the walls were the records of others who had passed long lifetimes in these cells either for some real or imaginary trivial offense. The Bastile was then to the people of France a synonym for all that was despotic, cruel and contemptible in their Government, and for this reason it was razed to the ground.—*Phila. Times.*

WHERE SAND-BARS COME FROM.

From a series of daily observations extending from the early part of February to the latter part of October, 1879, taken at St. Louis, Mo., under the direction of officers of the United States Engineer Corps, it has been ascertained that the average quantity of earthy matter carried in suspension past that point by the Missouri River, between one foot of the bottom and the surface, amounts to 14,858 pounds per second, or 1,283,731,200 pounds each twenty-four hours. The matter thus carried along weighs approximately, one hundred pounds per cubic foot when dry, giving an average of 12,837,312 cubic feet of earth transported each twenty-four hours during the entire year, enough to cover one square mile with a depth of nearly six inches.

During the months of June and July the average quantity, per twenty-four hours, amounted to 47,396,448 cubic feet; enough to cover a square mile with a depth of one foot and eight inches. The maximum quantity observed for any twenty-four hours was on July 3, when it reached the enormous amount of 111,067,200 cubic feet. These figures do not take into account the material that is held in suspension within the lowest foot of the depth, or that which is being rolled along the bottom. If these quantities could be ascertained within any reasonable limit of approximation to correctness, there is no doubt but they would show an amount far in excess of that which has already been determined.—*St. Louis Republican.*

A MINE OF SAPPHIRES.

Next to the diamond the most highly valued stone is the sapphire, which, although of several colors, is best known as a blue gem. India, Ceylon and the East, where most precious stones are found in abundance, are the parts of the world where the largest number of sapphires have been picked up, from among the pebbles into which the floods have washed them out of the clay. Of recent years we have heard of the new find of diamonds in Southern Africa, which soon became noised abroad because the locality was near to British colonists.

Now we learn through a consular report of a great find of sapphires, the knowledge of which has taken five years to reach this country. A native hunter in Siam came upon a locality, very remote and secluded, which proved to be rich in sapphires. Some men, who immediately followed him, returned to Rangoon and Calcutta with stones which realized very large sums. Then came a rush, and thousands of British subjects from Burmah passed through the capital of Siam on their way to the mines. Some of them found fortunes, but many others met with jungle fever and died, while those who survived returned home so emaciated that the temptation to grow rich at such a cost lost its force. Consul Newman, of Bangkok, remarks that each miner has been required to pay a license duty of 5s. 7½d, but the authorities have done nothing to prevent so much wealth in precious stones being carried out of their country. The more fortunate miners are very anxious to conceal their gems while they remain in Siam; but one man of whom the consul knows dug out a stone for which he could not find a purchaser on the spot at £100. Accordingly he went to Rangoon, where he was offered £1500. This awoke him to its value, and, declining the offer, he went to Calcutta, where he eventually obtained £3000 for his treasure. The largest stone that has been heard of from the Siamese sapphire mines weighed 370 carats in the rough, and when cut, 111 carats of the finest water. One consequence of these mining operations is a rise in the value of good-looking marriageable young women, in whom the lucky miners are investing.—*London Echo.*

Selections.

A prayerless soul is a Christless soul, and a Christless soul is a helpless soul.

If God gives internal comfort, it is not that we may live upon it, but to support and animate us to some farther end.

So quickly sometimes has the wheel of fortune turned round that many a man has lived to the benefit of that charity which his own piety projected.—*Sterne.*

If you saw a good Churchman and a good Dissenter on their knees, and you were to close your eyes and not your ears against the prayers that were offered up, you would not be able to find out which was which.

If the mind is bent towards God with a strong purpose, whatever bitter betides it in this present life it counts sweet, all that annoys it reckons rest, and it longs to pass even through death, that it may more completely possess itself of life.—*S. Gregory.*

In speaking of the benefits of trial and suffering, we should never forget that these things by themselves have no power to make us holier or heavenlier. They make some men morose, selfish and envious. Such is the effect of pain and sorrow when unsanctified by God's saving grace. It is only when grace is in the heart, when power from above dwells in a man, that anything outward or inward turns to his salvation.

A foreigner on one occasion, indulging in skeptical doubts of the existence of an over ruling Providence, Sydney Smith, who had observed him evidently well satisfied with his repast, said:

"You must admit that there is great genius and thought in that dish?"

"Admirable!" he replied; "nothing can be better."

"May I then ask, are you prepared to deny the existence of the cook?" asked Sydney.

Science and Art.

The London *Times* office was recently connected by a special wire with the House of Commons, and by means of the telephone speeches delivered at an early hour in the morning were directly reported and received by the compositors.

A New Sounding Lead.—A new sounding lead invented by M. Leyentre, has a four-vaned screw at the upper part (produced by four curved bars). The rotatory motion of this screw, as the lead goes down, is transmitted to a recording apparatus in the body of the latter. To obtain a good result, the lead is allowed to descend as vertically as possible, a sufficient quantity of slack line being afforded. A cavity in the bottom of the lead serves to bring up samples of the bottom.

Photographs in a Balloon.—In the last æronautical ascent which was made at Rouen on Monday, June 13, by M. Jovis, M. Desmaret, one of the æronauts, tried with success to take photographs of the land below. About fifteen different views were taken by him, and are said to be wonderfully executed. The car had a hole in the centre, and the photographic apparatus was supplied with a patent slide working in one-hundredth of a second. The photographs were of course taken by an instantaneous process.

Economical Lamps.—According to a German trade paper a new kerosene and spirit lamp has been invented, in which the wick is made entirely of glass. Several advantages are claimed for it. The flame clings closely to the wick, so that lighted lamps may be carried about without fear of their being extinguished by sudden draughts; moreover, no sparks are liberated from it. With equal part of this wick turned up, a much brighter and clearer light is obtained than where cotton ones are used. The smoking is greatly reduced, and at least ten per cent. of oil is saved. There is scarcely any waste of the wick itself, and the troublesome trimming and cutting to which lamp burners are accustomed are altogether needless, for no portion of it is carbonized. Used in spirit lamps it greatly increases the heat of the flame, and finally, it is claimed that it can be produced and sold at a cheap rate.

The excavations in the garden of the Villa Farnesina for widening the bed of the Tiber have again yielded several interesting archæological results. A statue of a Roman matron 1 meter 70 centimeters high, and perfect except for the loss of the left hand, was found recently, and close by another statue of Tiberius, which was, however, in many fragments. Near these a sepulchrum, containing several urns, was discovered, four of which were of the finest workmanship, decorated with reliefs of fruits and flowers; in other two, besides the ashes and calcined bones found in all, there were two gold rings, with onyx stones, somewhat damaged by fire, but still perfect enough to show an intaglio—one of a lion sleeping, the other of three children chasing a bear. It is conjectured that the urns had been previously discovered in the building of the Aurelian wall, which passes by a few steps off, and that the finer urns had been robbed of anything of value, while the plain ones escaped notice. On one of the latter is an inscription, "Minati A. Pole."—*Exchange.*

Items of Interest.

Two small islands in Alaska—St. Paul and St. George—furnish most of the seal skins sold in the markets of the world.

On the shores of Lake Borgene, Louisiana, is a settlement of Chinese who live by catching shrimps for the New Orleans market, and also by raising rice.

According to statistics, the United States grows about 150,000,000 bushels of potatoes annually, or six three bushels for every man, woman and child in the country.

The Botanical Garden at Washington is under the control of a joint committee on the Congressional Library; and an aggregate of $554,237 has been expended upon it.

The late George Peabody gave, to promote the cause of intellectual, moral and industrial education in the South, $2,000,000 and bonds of the State of Mississippi and Florida, amounting to $1,500,000, at their par value. Ten trustees were selected by him to carry his wishes into effect, and Dr. Barnas Sears, who was then President of the Brown University, was chosen as their agent. The Peabody Fund has been wisely administered by the trustees, of whom the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Iton, is president, and the recent death of DSears at Saratoga will be generally regretted.

Up to the change in the Constitution in 1804, electors voted for two candidates for President. The one having the highest number, if a majority, was President, the next highest Vice-President. Thus the two were very likely to be of different parties. In 1796 John Adams, who was a Federalist, received 71 electoral votes and became President; Thomas Jefferson, who was his opponent and a Republican (answering very nearly to the present Democrat, the latter title not being used), received 68 votes and became Vice-President. Thus we had two men of opposite politics in the highest offices of the nation. There has been no such elections since the present Republicans and Democrats were pitted against each other.

Growth of Population.—General Walker, Superintendent of Census, has now received sufficient returns to furnish a basis for conclusions as to what the total population of the country will be, and the result is very encouraging to the national pride. General Walker estimates that the full returns will show not far from 48,000,000 of inhabitants in the United States, as against less than 39,000,000 in 1870. This will be a gain of just about twenty-five per cent. in the last ten years, which is considerably larger than the rate of increase during the previous decade. The present number of inhabitants is over twice the twenty-three millions reported by the census of 1850, so that the country has more than doubled its population within less than a generation.

Personal.

The Rev. Herman Halsey, of East Wilson, Niagara county, N. Y., now about eighty-seven years old, and still active in mind and body, represented the Rochester Presbytery in General Assembly at Philadelphia in 1820.

George Beaumont, an Englishman, has lately taken from the Cape to Buenos Ayres 105 African ostriches of the most beautiful species, with the intention to start an ostrich farm in the Argentine Republic. From studies made previous to carrying his ideas into effect, the importer entertains no doubt of their thriving in the climate of South America as well as they do in Southern Africa.

J. Geo. Ripper, editor of the Harrisburg *Staats Zeitung*, died at his residence in that city, after a brief illness from cancer in the stomach, on Saturday last. Mr. Ripper was a native of Germany, settling in this county in 1832. He learned printing with Hon. Henry Ruby on a German paper called the *Correspondent*, and held a case in the *Messenger* printing establishment on the *Kirchen Zeitung* until 1858, when he became a joint purchaser of the *Spirit* with G. H. Mengel, Esq. He severed his connection with the *Spirit* a year or two thereafter when he removed to Harrisburg, where he was associated in the publication of the Harrisburg and Lancaster *Democrat* until 1864, when he removed to Pittsburgh, and purchased an interest in the *Abend Zeitung*. He returned to Harrisburg in 1856, where he established the *Staats Zeitung*, which has attained a wide circulation. He was a ready writer, a genial gentleman, and will be greatly missed in the community in which he resided.—*Public Opinion.*

Farm and Garden.

The great torment flies are to horses in Summer makes all desire to relieve them if possible. It is said that if carbolic acid soap is rubbed on the neck and legs of a horse he will not be bothered by flies. The strong odor of the soap drives these miserable horse tormentors away; and besides, the soap gives the animal's coat a fine polish. Take a dry cake of the soap and rub on after grooming. Anything that will make the horse more comfortable for a great part of the day; they have no chance to rid themselves of their tormentors, and many a little thing if done would give them more comfort.

A Good Orchard.—W. H. Rogers, of Orleans county, N. Y., has a sixty-year orchard of two acres, the crop of which sold fifteen years ago for $1,800, and it has averaged 400 barrels yearly since that time. Hogs have the run, and root in it as they please, to favor which corn has been scattered and some manure has been applied in addition. In younger orchards Mr. Rogers has seventy-five Baldwins, giving him six barrels three years after planting, and good crops every year since; and fourteen trees of Tompkins King gave eleven barrels the sixth year, and an average of twenty barrels yearly since. The young orchards are cultivated and no crop taken.

Garden Slugs.—The plan of using bran to trap slugs is probably the best of any yet tried. The slugs are very fond of it. In the words of an English gardener, they seem to scent it from afar, and troop to it from every lurking place round about. For weeks past I have placed little heaps of it (about a small teaspoonful) anywhere and everywhere among the flower borders and rockwork on every vacant space of soil. This I do about twilight, and then, two or three hours after dark, I go out with a light and a pail containing some salt and water. I have found as many as twenty or thirty on a heap, which are gathered up and thrown into the salt water. Death seems instantaneous. As it took some little time picking them up from the soil, I hit upon the plan of laying down small pieces of broken slate, three inches or four inches square, and placing the bait in the center. This enables the whole to be lifted up, and the slugs to be swept off at once into the water. On going round to gather up the slates the following morning, I find many more hiding under them. By keeping persistently to this plan for some weeks, I have produced a sensible diminution in their numbers. I have found slugs, snails, woodlice, armadilloes and wire-worms all dining together, like one happy family.—*Vick's Magazine.*

Books and Periodicals.

The Standard Series. Class H. 2. (Grecian and Roman Classics), No. 34, July 13th, 1880. The Orations of Demosthenes. Translated by Thomas Leland. In Two Volumes. Vol. II. (Printed without abridgment). Price, 20 cents. New York: I. K. Funk & Co., Publishers, 10 & 12 Dey St.

The Standard Series. Class F. 3, (Science), No. 35, July 20th, 1880. Frondes Agrestes; Or Readings in "Modern Painters." Ruskin. (Printed without abridgment). Price, 15 cents. New York: I. K. Funk & Co., Publishers, 10 & 12 Dey St.

The Standard Series. Class E. 4, (Biography), No. 36, July 27th, 1880. Joan of Arc, by Alphonse De Lamartine. (Printed without abridgment). Price, 10 cents. New York: I. K. Funk & Co., 10 & 12 Dey St.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending July 24th and 31st respectively, contain the following articles: The Slavonic Menace to Europe, *Quarterly;* A Few Weeks upon the Continent, *Contemporary;* Atheism and Repentance, a Familiar Colloquy, by W. H. Mallock, *Nineteenth Century;* Fishing and Fishing Literature, *Blackwood;* Victor Hugo, *Temple Bar;* Sterne, *Cornhill;* Scientific Results of the Howgate Expedition, 1877-78, Sir John Lubbock on the Habits of Ants, and Sign Language among the American Indians. *Nature;* Heresy in Science, *Pall Mall Gazette;* The Nature of an Oath, *Spectator;* with instalments of Mrs. Oliphant's Story "He that will not when he may," and the usual amount of poetry.

A new volume began with July 1st.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price ($8) is low; while for $10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American $4 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, including the extra numbers of the latter, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

Acknowledgments.

HOME MISSIONS.

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	$2074 84

PEACE OFFERINGS.

From Bethany Orph Home, per Rev W F P Davis, Treas, &c, 10.00; St John's Miss, Del, per pastor Rev E H Dieffenbacher, 27.09; Clearspring, Md chg, per Rev S S Miller, 35.80; Ref ch, Pottstown, per D B Mauger, 43.75; Weymer Miss Socy, Hagerstown, Md, per Treas W H McCardell, contributed by Zion's Ref Ch, 84.05; Zion's Ref S S, 28.26; Salem cong, Hagerstown chg, 16.60,	245 85
	$2320 69

Wm. H. Seibert, Treas.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Received at Harrisburg, Pa., during month of July, 1880, viz.:

From Sale of Photographs of Peace Commissioners in Rev Dr Callender's cong, Rockingham, Va, per Rev Hoffheins, Treas Va Classis, *for Mission House,*	$12 00
Buckhorn S S, Maquoketa chg, Jackson Co, Iowa, pastor Keller, *for Mission House,*	3 50
Western Union Telegraph Co, charges refunded on despatch to Yokohama,	3 50
1st Ref S S, Pottsville, Pa, H G Sterns, Sup,	2 85
Miss Socy, Trinity Ref Ch, Coplay, Pa, pastor, S A Leinbach,	30 27
Ref ch, Butler, Pa. A Moyer, Treas, 9.84; S S of same ch, H Necklauss, Treas, 7.31, pastor T F Stauffer, *for Mission House,*	17 15
Ref ch, McConnellstown, Pa, pastor A G Dole, per J Ward, Treas,	15 00
Rev Kluge, Sheboygan, Wis, contributed by J Smith of Morrison, 5.00; Mrs Foemmel, 75c.; Ko *for Mission House,* 1.00,	6 75
Ceylon & Birmingham congs, Erie Co, O, pastor Schwictenberg,	2 10
S S Ref ch, Hummelstown, Pa, *for Mission House,* per J J Nisley, Sup,	5 00
Pastor Kriete, Fort Wayne, Ia, *for Mission House,* S S, 6.45; Mrs Obliger, 1.00; H Boerger, 1.00; Mrs Dreiblebiss, 25c.; Miss Niele, 1.00; Mrs Axter, 1.00; Mrs Doerner, 50c.; Lizzie Fuehrer, 50c.,	11 70
S S Christ's Ref Ch, Annville, Pa, pastor Hiester, per Rev Davis, Treas Leb Classis,	20 00
S S 1st Ref Ch, Coventry, *for Mission House,* per J F Shoeder, Kimberton, Pa,	10 00
Rev D Willers, D D, Fayette, N Y, *for Mission House,*	4 00
S S St Mark's Ch, Easton, Pa, pastor Stem, L Loux, Treas,	13 10
Ref S S, Springboro, O, W H Siegfried, Sup,	4 27
Rev Firor, Baltimore, for 8 copies, *Mission House,*	2 00
Rev D B Shuey, Treas Lan Classis viz.: Quarryville Ch, 2.40; Quarryville S S, 2.06; S S, New Providence, 2.72; Zion's Ref Ch, 3.28; Spring Val S S, 1.54,	12 00
St Paul's Miss Socy, Middletown, Md, Mrs C G Rudy, Treas, pastor Hoffmeier,	8 00
S S Trinity Ref Ch, Canton, O, pastor Herbruck, *for Mission House,*	10 75
S S, Latrobe, Pa, pastor Gurley, *for Mission House,*	6 00
S S, Bedford, Pa, John P Reed, Sup *for Mission House,*	8 00
S S Zion's Ref Ch, Hagerstown, Md, per Mc Cardell, W, Weymer Miss Socy, *for Mission House,*	21 10
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S S Ref ch, Tell City, Indiana, pastor Judt, *for Mission House,*	5 00
Oak Grove S S, Brady's Bend, J W Myers, Treas, *for Mission House,*	2 15
Ref Ch, China Grove, N C, pastor Trexler, *for Mission House,*	4 27
Rev E Fuerer, Mosel, Wis, *for Mission House,* viz.: St Paul's Ref Ch, 3.29; S S, 71c.; A member, 1.00, in all	5 00
Ref S S, Lima, O, 7.35, and for Picture, 25c., pastor Stepler *for Mission House,*	7 60
Master G Keippel, Buffalo, N Y, *for Mission House,* per Rev Kniest,	25
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Ref S S, Poland, Indiana, pastor Joerris, *for Mission House,*	3 00
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"C A F," Emanuel Ch, New Bavaria, O, pastor Wiers,	5 00
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Trinity Ref S S, Pottstown, Pa, pastor Levan, D B Mauger, Esq, Treas Goshenhoppen Classis, per W H Seibert,	30 00
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Harrisburg, Pa., August 2d, 1880, } Rudolph F. Kelker, Treasurer For. Miss.

(*Hausfreund please copy*).

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS. D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,
Rev. C. U. HEILMAN,
Rev. A. R. KREMER,
} Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1880.

CHARITIES AND CHARACTER.

The old saying is that, "Her charities are the strength of the Church." This does not mean, of course, that there can be any *source* of strength except Christ, but it does mean that all Christian graces are developed by their exercise,—that no one can attain to healthy, vigorous character without the practice of self-denying beneficence, and that it is just this beneficence that God blesses for the increase of His Church.

But what are charities? By some people it is regarded as a charity to support the minister who breaks the bread of life to them, and churches are used as sick babies to beg with. The whole work of missions is put upon that plane, and "You are always asking for something," is the cry of those, who, as the boy said, "always don't give nothing."

It is perfectly startling to see how cool some people are in the settled belief, that the Almighty is the indebted party in the whole work of grace. They give very little to Him, and that so grudgingly, as to make Him appear in the character of a mendicant, when His only object in asking is the good of those whose selfish, worldly nature requires the sacrifice. There is a philosophy in the plan of salvation, and in nothing does this show itself more, than in the way God takes to break the hold the world has upon us. It is no small part of the work of redemption to make us willing to give up all to Him, and until this is accomplished, we have no right to think our love for Him is supreme. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon," is a law that no one can overcome.

It is of prime importance that men should see things in this light. The god of this world blinds them, and their eyes must be opened. Then the true relation of things will dawn upon them; the fountains of benevolence will be opened, and they themselves be refreshed by the cooling waters.

There can be no enjoyment of God, if men look upon His demands as a system of inexorable taxation, and the grudging contributions of men are not acceptable to Him who loveth a cheerful giver. After all, Christian character and consecration lie at the bottom of this thing of giving.

DOTTINGS FROM THE DOMINION.

Ten years often show a great difference in the face of a country. This is especially the case, when the country in question is comparatively new. We have been impressed with this fact, by our recent visit to Halton county, Canada. When here ten years ago, the country was comparatively new. We then admired it for its great beauty, especially that portion of it lying on the borders of Lake Ontario. The land gradually slopes towards this large body of water, and gives evidence of a more than usual degree of fertility.

Since then, the country has been opened out fully and the land very much improved. Large barns have been erected, some of which will compare favorably with many of the best found in the States. One of these we visited, owned by a Mr. Fothergill, is one hundred feet long and about forty-five feet deep, with an extensive wing, affording a large amount of mow as well as stable room. Its internal arrangements are very complete, furnishing every facility for feeding and protecting the cattle, some very fine specimens of which we found occupying several of the stalls. Quite a number of houses, also, of modern style, have been put up, and the towns likewise have extended their dimensions.

Another railroad has been added to the Great Western, which crosses it at Burlington, the name of a recently incorporated town, a portion of which was formerly known as Wellington Square, and also takes the city of Hamilton in its course. It passes over what is called the Beach; a narrow strip of land, some five or six miles long, which cuts off a considerable portion of the lake at its western end on the borders of which the city of Hamilton is located. A channel has been cut through this beach about the middle of it, to admit the passage of vessels and steamboats, from the large lake into the small one, and vice versa, on their way to and from Hamilton, some three or four miles distant.

At this point, quite a village has sprung up, which forms a pleasant summer resort for the citizens of Hamilton, many of whom avail themselves of it for this purpose. Excursion parties also resort to it, facilities for which are afforded by the railroad, as well as by a regular line of steamboats. An immense iron drawbridge for the use of the railroad crosses the channel at this place. It is a beautiful structure, and is operated by steam power.

Near the southern edge of the beach, an excavation, on the border of the large lake, about a quarter of a mile long and some thirty or forty feet wide, and about the same depth, is made in the sand. It forms a basin, into which the water oozes through the sand from the lake, and is from thence forced by powerful engines located in the vicinity of the basin, into a large reservoir on the top of a mountain some three miles distant, from whence it is distributed in pipes through the city of Hamilton. A full supply of excellent water is thus afforded to the citizens of this city, whose inhabitants are now increased to about thirty-six thousand.

In company with some of our friends, we made a visit of several days to London, the county seat of Middlesex county. It lies nearly eighty miles a little south of west from Hamilton, and is reached by the Great Western Railroad. After leaving Hamilton, the road climbs up a series of hills, here termed mountains, and then makes its way through a long stretch of level country of much beauty and fertility, along the whole of our line of travel. Quite a number of towns and villages dot the road at different points. The first is Dundas, near Hamilton, with which it is also connected by a railway originally operated by horses. The names of several others are quite familiar in the States, such as Harrisburg, Paris, Princeton, Woodstock, Dorchester, &c. Among the number, Woodstock is quite a large and handsome place, and is the county town of Oxford county.

London is a large city, covering extensive grounds, and abounding in wide streets. Its population, including the suburbs, is thirty-three thousand. It has many handsome airy private residences, and also a number of large business houses. Several manufacturing establishments are found in it, among which are extensive oil works and a large bakery and confectionery, itself employing some hundreds of hands.

In the immediate vicinity are located a college for boys and another for girls, both of which occupy extensive buildings. We passed through the grounds of the Insane Asylum, a few miles out of the city. They are handsomely laid out, and kept in most excellent order. The buildings are numerous, and generally built in excellent style. The present number of inmates is said to be about eight hundred.

London, here, as in England, is located on the river Thames. Five miles below the city, a dam about fifteen feet high has been thrown across the river. This forms a deep lake reaching up to the city, which is navigated by steamers, sufficiently large to accommodate several hundred passengers. Excursion parties, of which our little company formed one, are daily using them, finding inviting grounds for their purposes along the banks of the lake, and especially at its extreme end.

Immediately at the dam are located the works which supply the city with excellent water taken from extensive springs, in the immediate neighborhood, and forced up two hundred feet, to a large reservoir, on the top of a high hill. From the basin it passes through pipes into the city. The reservoir is said to be one hundred and seventy feet higher than the level of the city. The engines, two in number, which force the water into the reservoir, are each one hundred and eighty horse power, and are operated by the water power afforded by the dam in the river. They are also of the most recent improved pattern, and were made in New York.

The country around London, facilities for examining which were kindly afforded us by the friends we visited, is cut up into convenient farms, which are generally in good state of cultivation. Here, as in other parts of Canada we visited, the crops of the present year are large. The corn looks very fine, and the yield of the oats crop especially, which they were harvesting, and a large breadth of which was put out, is more than usually abundant.

The climate here, as in Halton County, and in counties in the same general range, is very favorable to the growth of fruit. The people in the States are wont to look upon Canada as a cold country. In this they are mistaken as applied to the whole of it. The portion we have been describing lies south of the northern tier of States in the Union, and, of course, has a milder climate than they.

Canada East has been mainly settled by the English and Scotch Irish. They are an intelligent and thrifty people, and are distinguished for their warm-hearted hospitality. But few persons either German or of German descent, are found amongst them. In vain did we look for the sprinkling of names on the business signs, which is so usual in the large cities in the States. This accounts for the fact, that the Reformed Church has scarcely a name in the Dominion of Canada.

S. R. F.

T A DISCOUNT.

People gerally seem to be waking up to the fa that the means often resorted to, to raise money for churches, do more harm han good. It is stated that Mrs. De Groot, who built a new church at Newark, N. J., at her own expense, provides in the deed, that if fairs, festivals, or other entertainments are held therein the property shall revert to the original owner. We see it noted too, that a Southern Methodist Conference declares that church festivals do not develop the grace of liberality, but are detrimental to the spiritual interests of the Church. True.

FINANCE A THE PARSONAGE.

We affirmed recently, and we now repeat, that clergymen are good practical financiers. Exceptions there are, of course, and very palpable here and there, but these do not affect the rule. Men who pride themselves on their knowledge and tact in money matters may smile complacently at the idea that ministers know anything about finance; but facts prove that their smile is wholly gratuitous.

Will any one deny that the salaries of the majority of pastors are very low? Retail clerks and salesmen, receive better pay than ministers of the gospel. And yet the latter, as all must know, have numerous expenses to meet which are incidental and peculiar only to the learned professors. Then, they manage to make all ends meet, with an income only adapted to men of few needs, and pay their honest debts, we could think it rather poor sport to mock their lack of financial acumen. Better far to admire their financial ability and wisdom.

But, such a question as this may arise: Why is it that so few ministers lay up anything for old age, for the possibly helpless families, for the uncertain future? This reminds us of the question propounded by the British academy to the French academy: "Why is a vessel of water containing fish heavier than it is without the fish?" The Parisian magi had to give it up, whereupon their London brothers naively explained: "We didn't say it was so." And that is the way this question about ministers should be answered. To say that most ministers lay up nothing for their families and for old age is simply gratuitous, and taking a thing for granted without proof. We know better, and affirm that many half-paid pastors manage, by wise economy, to educate their children and provide for future emergencies.

But there are some who do not and cannot save a dollar to lay by, or put on interest. And the reason may readily suggest itself to some, that the salary is too small. But we believe that, as a general thing, it is not that near so much as something else, and that is—the meagre salary is meagrely paid. That is, it is paid in such little dribbles, and so irregularly, that it is utterly impossible for the pastor to follow any plan or method of economy, and he thanks his stars and the good Being, if, at the end of each year, he finds himself square with the world, and retains his reputation for common honesty. If he could always feel sure that his monthly or quarterly dues would be paid, *to the day*, according to the "temporal contract," he would also fix upon a certain sum that he would lay by for future use. The difference between receiving a given amount regularly and the same amount in dribbles every pastor of rough experience well knows.

But let it not be supposed that because pastors are conscientious, intelligent and successful economists, they should, therefore be satisfied with mean salaries. When our Lord sent forth His apostles, He did not tell them that one half, or one fourth, of their time must be sacredly (?) devoted to the science of household economy. Judging from the kind of work He commanded them to do, we might reasonably suppose that Christian congregations ought to "communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things," so that the appointed work could be done effectually, and not be hindered by undue care about temporalities. Let our good people see that their pastors are well and promptly paid. Then they will have a right to expect abundant spiritual things in return. K.

Notes and Quotes.

We find this going the rounds of the papers: A Roman Catholic merchant in Australia left in his will a sum of money to be used for the deliverance of his soul from purgatory. The masses necessary are ready to be said, but the conscientious executor of the will refuses to pay over the money until he has satisfactory evidence that the soul is actually delivered.

The Protestant Episcopal Diocesan Convention of Connecticut has adopted a resolution disapproving of "candidating." It urges parishes needing a rector to adopt some other method of becoming acquainted with a clergyman, and advises clergymen not to accept an invitation to officiate in any church as a candidate for the rectorship.

The *Baptist Weekly* says: "In many cases the closing of our city churches for repairs is an honest reason for the suspension of services, but those that do this every year are in danger of being suspected of resorting to a pretext. The repairs to which six weeks are sometimes given, certainly might easily be made in as many days."

It is stated by a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, that the deaths by suicide among Europeans annually amount to 60,000, or at the rate of about one in every 5,000 of the population, and that suicides have been rapidly increasing in all parts of Europe for the last hundred years. The writer says that self-destruction is now five times greater than it was a century ago.

The Reformed congregation at Friedrichstadt, Schleswig-Holstein, owns so much property that the members do not need to pay anything for the pastor's salary, etc., but each member received last year the sum of $15. That would be a good place for some people to go to. Such congregations if established in most places would be full, and no outcry of heresy would drive the members away.

The *Baptist Weekly* is right in saying, "No man should defer his benefactions till after his death. He ought to serve his own generation, and start agencies for good in his lifetime. His prayers and alms should go up together for his memorial before God. And, whatever his gifts, he ought not to be satisfied with proxy work when he has opportunities for personal effort. There are opportunities for doing good which come to us as individuals, and which we cannot possibly devolve on others. Every man is to give light in some circle and to diffuse spiritual blessings, and his gifts, however munificent, cannot possibly compensate for the lack of personal effort."

The *Christian Union* calls attention to the fact that the effect of the Amnesty Bill, by which all communists have been pardoned in France is illustrated by significant figures. It says: "A transport ship has been ordered to be put in preparation to bring home upward of 300 exiles from New Caledonia. About 480 Communists living in different parts of Europe will be entitled to return. Pardons have been granted by President Grévy to more than 1,500 common-law criminals. France as well as the United States has her 'unreconstructed.' M. Henri Rochefort begins his new journal with the declared purpose of demolishing M. Gambetta; and he starts off with an edition of 198,000 copies. But M. Gambetta is a hard man to demolish."

Among the Exchanges.

The *Christian Instructor* takes "Success With Small Fruits" as a kind of text, and makes some suggestions, which we quote:

We borrow the title of this paper from a work recently published containing the experience of a successful horticulturist. It is suggestive to tillers of the soil not only, but also to laborers in the field of gospel work.

First of all, it shows that a little land well watched and fed and cherished, will yield better results in produce and in money than wide acres neglected or ignorantly treated. We have a similar lesson in the history of pastorates, distinguished for a wise fidelity to the laws of spiritual husbandry. Certain it is, that the chief preachers who have adorned the American pulpit began with a small acreage, and with it developed their own faculties, while adding religious wealth to the little communities they served. Success with comparatively small fruits—small not in value, but in bulk—taught them how to manage larger undertakings and ensure larger gains for the Master. There can hardly be a greater mistake than is so often made, of entering upon the charge of a small congregation simply or mainly to wait there for larger opportunities. He that is faithful in the least finds his way in proper time to the much more, for which he has been fitted.

Second: In the world's great market, the small fruits are accounted to be delicious and precious. They gratify all tastes and promote the health of all classes. They have in them that elixir of life which cools and purifies the blood, and thus they minister to that enjoyment which flows from the exuberant bosom of summer for all who love sunshine and flowers and the happy music of the grove. And is it not clear to every perception that the smaller fruits of Christian character, as they may be thought, do after all bring the richest repayment of delight? The little words of kindness and the little deeds of love, the unassuming courtesies, the gentle acts of sympathy, the modest offerings of helpfulness, the graces of the Spirit—do not these contribute more to the genuine wealth of human hearts than any of the conspicuous things done in the great stony, sunburnt and tempest-swept fields of ambitious endeavor? True, we must have the bending wheat and the golden corn, and the tributes of ample fields, but the garden, after all, has special charms for the eye, and the most agreeable luxuries for our tables. And thus, if we do but see to it and have within us a garden of the Lord, with its spicy perfumes, its various colors typical of the rainbow round about the throne, and its fruits of paradisaic delicacy and purity, we shall find that even the attempt to cultivate them will be attended by heavenly compensations, and that success therein is the witness and the warrant of hope that cannot be cut off.

Third: The analogy between the garden and the Family is not strained. How many parents quite forget that culture, education, training, to be worth much in the end, must begin at the cradle and in the nursery, when the little ones are indeed small in knowledge and in stature. The proper care of these small fruits of wedded love, while sheltered and defended from the sweeping blasts of temptation, is worth more to the prosperity of Church or State than any subsequent care after the children have grown up to be wilful and wayward, with selfish manners and selfish greeds for money or pleasure. The families most successful in the treatment of small fruits come at last to be known and honored as benefactors indeed, while those who neglect their children until they are turned off upon the hands of strangers either to study or to work, are often pierced through with many sorrows.

Fourth: It is in the Sunday School—a useful but much-abused and perverted school—that the skillful spiritual horticulturist finds his chief opportunities and incentives for intelligent and animating work. If much study

is needed to raise the smaller fruits of the earth and bring them to their perfection in kind, how much more to rear children with their plastic, sensitive, impressible natures, so that their tender minds may grow toward a luscious ripening, and their minds prove the excellence of the soil from which their vigor has been derived. Teaching is a science, wherever pursued. It can have but little success, when its tasks are performed in a hap-hazard random way. All children cannot be treated alike. As all plants of the garden must have the food convenient for them and suited to their habits, so our Sunday School children require to be considered with as much attention, at least, as a gardener bestows upon his fruits. Success with the little folk, in rearing them aright, is success in converting the world. Better Sunday Schools will give us a better Church life, and make us a happier people.

Communications.

A WORD MORE FOR BOSTON.

So much has been said and written in regard to this mission, and so little done, that it seems to be only waste of time and paper to agitate the matter any farther. *Forty nine* ($49) dollars is the sum total of all the sympathy and help our brother Schwartz has received, and this he feels in honor bound to return in case his enterprise should fail of success. There are two young persons in Boston, members of the Episcopal Church who will contribute each $500 towards the extinction of the second mortgage, and another who has promised that at her death all her savings (which are considerable in amount) shall enure to the benefit of the struggling Church. If only in some way this congregation (now long established and always self-supporting) can be enabled to tide over its present distress, it will emerge, ultimately, from all its difficulties, and prove an honor and power to the Reformed Church in all New England. By way of showing what are the elements of success existing in the bosom of this congregation, a few weeks ago, some of the ladies of the congregation issued a general invitation to the young people to a social gathering in the rooms on the first floor of the church, which brought together, without other effort, over one hundred and fifty young ladies and gentlemen—most of whom would sooner or later identify themselves with an English congregation, if one were established. And this brings out one of the most striking features in the significance of this Boston Mission, namely, that its pastor and people would welcome such an organization, and allow the use of its church for English services, even to the taking of a secondary place as regards the appointments. The writer is not aware of any case like it in the history of the Church, as almost universally English services have been introduced only after a long and severe struggle. Now, in view of all this, the simple question confronting us as a Church is, Will we go in and take possession and build up an English congregation? Such an opening as this in a large city has never presented itself to us before, and if we fail to avail ourselves of it promptly, we will stand chargeable with the guilt of inexcusable neglect.

This is no question of property—is in no way complicated with the embarrassments of Bro. Schwartz and his congregation, *but one of simple missionary duty and responsibilty.* While an English minister at the side of Bro. S. would greatly help and strengthen him in his work, and possibly prove a great help in working through his embarrassments, independently of all this, we should proceed at once to organize an English congregation in Boston, as the Lord is loudly calling us to do by these unusually favorable conditions. There is a wide missionary field for us in New England, "already white unto the harvest," and, if the expression may be allowed, a *still wider field* for the theology of the Heidelberg Catechism and the cultus of the Reformed Church.

Finally the writer asks, Will the Reformed Church let this opportunity to do genuine apostolic missionary work in one of the most important commercial centres of our country pass by unimproved? Just think of it—only one Reformed congregation now in all New England, and that a German congregation. What a shame it is! S.

FROM THE SEA.

The readers of George Macdonald's "Robert Falconer," may remember how, in that admirable story, a singularly well-put argument is incidentally dropped in favor of ministers' vacations. To a broken-down minister, who persisted in refusing to leave his post, on the ground that the Lord's work must not be neglected, Falconer, (if we mistake not, for we are quoting from memory,) replies: "It must be a poor Lord that cannot dispense, for two or three weeks, with the services of a tired man." It needed no such argument, however, to convince us, for our experience has always taught us, that it is best, both for themselves and for their people, that pastors should occasionally rest. Hence, when a kind Consistory granted us a vacation and urged our going away from home, we were nothing loth, and lost as little time as possible in hurrying away from the scene of our labors and cares. A day's continuous journey brought us from the Potomac to the New Jersey coast, at Ocean Grove; to which place we came, not exclusively on our own account, but to join and presently to bring away one whom we had sent hither, some weeks before, in search of health and strength. Meanwhile, however, we have had for ourselves some days of the rarest enjoyment at the sea-side, and from this delightful spot it has occurred to us that a letter might not be uninteresting to the readers of the MESSENGER.

To one who has thought, read and dreamed of the sea from childhood; whose enthusiasm for it was kindled, in his school-boy days, by Homer's Iliad, (and which one of the poets has ever written of the sea as Homer has done?); and to whom, among the songs and poems that he treasured in his memory, some of the dearest and most affecting are those that have been born of the sea, the first sight of the great ocean is a memorable epoch. It would be vain for us to undertake to describe how it has impressed and affected us. As one walks by its "loud-resounding shore," one helplessly feels the truthfulness of these lines in Tennyson's marvelous song of the sea:

"And I would that every tongue could utter,
The thoughts that arise in me."

One thing that has impressed us, is, the solemnity of the sea. Nothing could be more solemn than the ocean. What, indeed, is the solemn, except the *recurring?* Does not the Latin word *solennis*, from which our word *solemn* is derived, signify, that which recurs? And here in the ever recurring waves of the sea, in the everlasting rhythmic movement with which it beats upon the shore, there are present the very fundamental elements of solemnity. Moreover, the solemnity of the sea partakes of the nature of true solemnity everywhere: one never wearies of it. Though it bears this character of sameness and never-ending recurrence, yet there is so much in this that answers to what is deepest in us, and, together with these unchanging features, there is so much in the sea that is continually varying, it is so much "the ever-changing sea," presenting a different aspect every time one gazes upon it, that it is daily a new study and a fresh delight.

Another thing that has impressed us, is, the benevolent and beneficent character of the sea. What a gracious work it is that the sea is at present doing, all along its coast, for the people of this land; a reviving, restoring, healing, strengthening work! It takes the multitudes to its broad, generous bosom; gives strength to the weak; restores color to the pale cheek, imparts hope to the depressed, and bathes the weary in an atmosphere of rest. We come up hither, tired and broken, feeling that the strength of other days could never again return. The sea breathes upon us with its strong, but kindly and wholesome breath; bathes us in its waves; speaks to us with its earnest voice by day and night. We yield ourselves wholly to its influence, and, forgetting all care, spend hours upon hours reclining or wandering on the beach, gathering pebbles, watching the waves as they come in, or gazing at the ships as they pass in the distance. And, lo, by degrees, the appetite, long a stranger, returns and new life and strength come flowing in like the tide. To breathe the air, to bathe in the waters, to live in the presence of the sea, seems to possess a strange, an almost magic power to calm, to soothe, to heal. It charms away our anxieties and fears; heals all soreness of chafed or wounded feelings; bathes in a sort of oblivion the bitterness of the past, and calls forth all good and childlike dispositions, all kind and gentle thoughts and feelings. Look at the ocean now, as it is bathing the people in its dashing surf, and know that nowhere, in this summer month, is a more beneficent work being wrought.

Let us sing the praises of Ocean Grove. As a place of summer resort, it is of comparatively recent origin. It was inaugurated, we believe, in 1869, under Methodist auspices, as a place for camp-meetings, and without any thought of its becoming the extensive and popular seaside resort which, with the neighboring and associated Asbury Park, it has since grown to be. Its extraordinarily rapid growth, however, shows what a large demand existed for such a resort as Ocean Grove has been made. The Association to which it belongs, having authority to make their own regulations, have made and enforced such laws as give to Ocean Grove a character perhaps altogether peculiar to itself. No intoxicating drinks are permitted to be sold, and all practices inconsistent with the maintenance of a quiet and restful Sabbath are strictly prohibited. As a result, the atmosphere of the place seems to be as pure and sweet morally as it is naturally. We have been here nearly a week, and, though surrounded by thousands of people, have not heard a single profane word, nor seen a drunken man nor witnessed one disorderly act. Thanks to the religious spirit in which Ocean Grove had its origin, a spirit of kindness, gentleness and Christian courtesy seems everywhere to prevail. It is a place of simplicity; of exemption from the domineering influence of fashion and dissipation; of opportunity to rest in the midst of congenial Christian friends. It is a place of popular resort, in the good sense of the term. Those who come here are, in the main, of "the people." Look at the multitudes, as they are passing and repassing each other on this broad and glorious walk by the beach. It is evident that they are mainly of one class, the great, respectable middle class of society; the people who are bearing the burdens and doing the work of the world; neither harassed by poverty, on the one hand, nor, on the other, isolated by wealth from their fellow-men. A few persons of large and abundant wealth there evidently are, as there are evidently some also who have had to contrive and manage (and are all the better off for having had to do so) to gain for themselves this summer rest; but the majority appear to be such as we have said, persons well-to-do in life, of moderate means, belonging to that class which, after all, is the most desirable class in the world to be in.

We drove to Long Branch, six miles distant (what a glorious drive it was!) and, having chosen the most favorable time for doing so, saw to the best advantage the beauty and the glory of that elevated resort; the magnificence of its architecture, the beauty of its gardens and spacious grounds, the splendor of its dresses, the pomp of its equipages, as they rolled with liveried coachmen and footmen along the shore. But, whilst there was much to admire in all the wealth and magnificence which we there beheld, we were very painfully impressed with the power which wealth possesses and exercises to isolate man from his fellowmen, and to deprive him in a measure of those warm human sympathies and that strong sense of human brotherhood which constitute a greater wealth than all the silver and gold of the world. And as, in the twilight, we drove back, along the beach, to Ocean Grove, we were contented and happy, feeling what wealth there lies in the consciousness of being in the warm tide of human life, of belonging to "the people," in the large and noble sense, of standing in living contact with one's fellowmen, and being one of the great host of living, laboring, struggling men and women who are trying to work out the problem of human life. As far as we could tell, this is the characteristic difference between Long Branch and Ocean Grove, that the one is for individuals of extensive wealth, while the other is for the people. And, whilst we are not slow to admire the magnificence and beauty of Long Branch, there is something in this large-hearted, kindly, people-loving quality of Ocean Grove that claims for it in a still higher degree our admiration and regard.

Ocean Grove has never lost the religious character impressed upon it at its origin. There seems to be here a strong and wholesome sense of the intimate relation existing between religion and business, between religion and pleasure. Bibles and bathing-suits dwell in close and friendly relation. Religious services are held every day and are largely attended. As for ourselves, having but a limited time for the enjoyment of the sea, we feel justified in devoting ourselves entirely to it, and paying little attention to the services. Of course, however, we go to Church on Sunday. We are all Methodists here on Sunday; Methodists, that is, not in any narrow sense, but in that large and Catholic sense which is the only possible one by the side of the great, catholic sea. It will do us good to go to Church and join in the worship of our genial Methodist brethren. What a vast congregation this is! It fills the great auditorium, a permanent pavilion, recently enlarged and now capable of holding four or five thousand people, whilst many stand around on the outside, unable to find seats. What a pleasure it is, for once, to go to Church, and, without needing to preach, simply to join with the people in their worship. So we join with warm and thankful hearts in the prayers and praises of this immense Christian congregation, hear an excellent sermon by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Keppler, of Baltimore, and go away rested and strengthened.

One of the characteristic and most delightful features of Ocean Grove is the Beach Meeting, held on the beach at six o'clock, on Sunday evening. Come with us, as, having made an early start in order to find a good place, we walk toward the beach, along this spacious Ocean Pathway. A man at the foot of this pathway, hands us a printed order of service. Here we are, reclining on the sand. It is a congregation of thousands; the most of them seated, like ourselves, on the sand, while a great circle of people standing forms the circumference. One cannot but think of the multitudes that gathered round our Saviour on the sea side. There is something solemn and affecting in a great throng of people under any circumstances; how much more so here, at this evening hour, by the grand and solemn sea. The service begins. It consists of the responsive reading of passages of Scripture; of short and frequent prayers; of addresses, brief, earnest and to the point; and of hymns each one of which has a thousand sacred associations. How solemn is the response made by the waves of the neighboring ocean; and how grandly, when we have finished saying the Lord's Prayer together, it seems to chant the Amen. O, it is good to be here; and tears gather to our eyes as we stand up to sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," as we bow our heads to receive the benediction, and go away in peace. The crowd generally disperses along the shore, breaking up into groups here and there; while two who are among them, from Maryland, sit long on the beach, in the gathering twilight, gazing out over the mysterious sea; thinking of other days; of loved ones at home; of the valley of the shadow of death, out of which God's hand mercifully delivered them and brought them into the peace and happiness of this hour; and committing themselves to the care of the Lord for the remainder of that voyage which shall bring them to the other shore of the sea of Time.

To-morrow we leave Ocean Grove; but the memory of this delightful place and of these happy days will dwell in our hearts forevermore. J. S. K.

Ocean Grove, N. J., July 26, 1880.

TO PASTORS, CONSISTORIES AND CONGREGATIONS.

Dear brethren in Christ: Permit me to appeal to your generosity in behalf of our Master's cause in the extension of our Reformed Zion on the eastern shore of Maryland. If we would plant the standard of our Zion, and save our people to the Church of their fathers, we must have *help* to build houses of worship where we can gather the people, and hold Sabbath-schools. As long as we can not do this, our labors are rendered less effectual in saving souls and advancing the interests of the Church. It is the part of wisdom for the Church to make the most of the energies of her missionaries, and the means provided to support them.

We have here, at Ridgely, a house commenced. The foundation is finished, and nearly all the material for the frame-work is on the ground and paid for. We have a good part of the work subscribed to put it under roof. What we want now is money to purchase the windows, weather-boarding and material to do the finishing work inside. As we have resolved not to go into debt for any material and work, we are now standing still for the want of means to go forward. This we believe to be the most prudent course. By it all money given is well secured, and held in trust by the Trustees for the Synod, and not for a mortgage.

Brethren, we are struggling for an existence, and we have a right to exist here on this Peninsula. We have nothing to fall back upon in the way of legacies, large numerical force with wealth, and fire insurance. We have the spiritual and eternal interests of a people that belong to *us* to provide and care for. To do this, and fulfil our responsibility as a Church, we need help from the Church at large. We need it now. Shall we have it? Assembled in your fine and comfortable sanctuaries (some of which the people on this Peninsula have helped to build), will you not think of us in your prayers, sympathize with us in our struggles and sacrifices, to extend the borders of our beloved Zion in this direction, and open your hearts and pocket-books to help us in our struggles? We ask it for Christ's sake, the sake of this people, and for your sake as the stewards of the household of God.

We repeat, shall we have the needed help? Or will you leave present opportunities, and the season of grace for the Church to accomplish a good work pass by, and compel our people in order to save themselves and families, to pass into the M. E. Church, and then, when they are gone, and the prospects are less bright, make efforts to regain what has been lost, and spend double the amount of money or more to secure the same end? Such has been our policy too long. It is time, and high time, we were getting out of such old ruts, if we are to fill our mission and responsibility. Is it right and wise to spend the means of the Church, and waste the energies of our missionaries in gathering our scattered people into flocks, and then withhold the needed help to make them a success? There are many instances of such bad house-keeping.

Brethren, we mean business, and we are in earnest, will you help us? If so, give us your aid in securing help when we make you a personal visit. If you do not wish this, send us your individual or congregational check, or the encouraging news what and when you will do for us. Bring our wants before the consistory, and the consistory before the congregation, and we feel assured we will not be denied. Address us Ridgely, Caroline Co., Md.

J. HANNABERY.

BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The present state of our foreign mission work requires the earnest and prayerful consideration of the Board. Hence a meeting has been called for August 19, at which it is desirable that there should be a full attendance. The object of this communication is to call the attention of all the members to the important business which requires immediate action. The annual report of the Missionary has been received and should be published to the Church. The financial condition is also a matter of interest. Constitution and By-Laws adapted to the present and future government of our work should be adopted. An act of incorporation should be secured, and various other matters of a vital character should be carefully considered. All these impose an obligation and responsibility upon each individual member of the Board, and should induce him to lay aside every other work, and give his conscientious attention to them. It is certainly wrong for any one to assume a duty and not discharge it. The foreign mission we have established means work. Its success will depend, to a great extent, upon the manner in which the Board performs its work. If our meetings are to be characterized by a representation of one-half, or less, then will we fail to elicit the interest of the Church, or carry forward successfully the work we have inaugurated. I believe that if the brethren would pause to consider properly, they would realize that this work has pre-eminent claims upon them, and they would not allow any ordinary matter to keep them away from the meeting. The people of Harrisburg take a lively interest in this work, and have frequently made arrangements for the entertainment of the Board, and have been as frequently disappointed. It is hard to explain to them the seeming indifference of the Board. The Church is in earnest in this work, and expects those who have charge of it to do their duty. I firmly believe that if we have a full meeting at the time specified, and take time sufficient for the business, that our work will receive an impetus which shall redound to the glory of God. I trust that the brethren will appreciate my earnestness in this appeal, when they consider that I have many communications from our missionary which they should act upon, and send out to the Church. The rapid approach of the next General Synod, at which we must give account of our stewardship, is another reason why we should all be there. T. S. JOHNSTON,

Secretary.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

The harvest services in the Sellersville charge were this year well attended, and the collections for benevolence resulted as follows: Leidy's, membership 166, $25; Sellersville, membership 125, $14; Bridgetown, membership 93, $22.

WESTERN CHURCH.

Rev. J. F. H. Dieckman, at present pastor of the St. Luke's congregation, Louisville, Ky., has received and accepted a call from the Zion's Reformed church of the same city, which has become vacant by the resignation of Rev. F. W. Berleman, who purposes removing to Philadelphia, Pa., about the last of this month.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

The Sunday School of Zion's Reformed congregation of Chambersburg, Pa., intend to celebrate their semi-centennial anniversary in November next. The records of the schools prior to 1864 were destroyed in the great fire. Should this notice be read by any one who was ever connected with the school either as scholar or teacher, they will be good enough to write the undersigned, giving any recollections they may have in connection with the school.

JACOB HEYSER,
Ass't. Sup't.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The fall term of the Theological Seminary commences on Thursday, Sept. 2, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when the opening address to the students will be delivered in the College Chapel by Prof. Frederick A. Gast, D. D.

E. V. GERHART,
Pres't of Faculty.

Lancaster, Pa., Aug. 5, 1880.

MERCERSBURG COLLEGE.

The next session of Mercersburg College will open on September 15th, 1880. Terms.—Including board, tuition, room and fuel, $205 per year of forty weeks. Connected with the College, and under the direct care of the Professors, is a Preparatory School where students of any age from twelve upward are received. For further particulars address Rev. E. E. Higbee, D. D., President of College, Mercersburg, Franklin Co., Pa.

BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

A meeting of the Board is hereby called for Thursday, (August 19), at 2 P. M., to meet in the First Reformed church, Harrisburg, Pa. Business of vital importance. Punctual attendance is urgently requested. All members should come prepared to stay until the business is transacted.

T. S. JOHNSTON,
Secretary.

Obituaries.

IN MEMORIAM.

Three aged members of our flock have recently been taken from us by the hand of death. This has filled our hearts with sadness. And yet there is a secret gladness beneath all, because they had such a *firm* faith, and hence such a *good hope* in view of death. They were all so sure of having part in Christ's victory over death and the grave, that they feared not to die. "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." "We sorrow not then as others who have no hope." The token of the covenant spans the dark clouds of our sorrow and illumines them with a lovely and cheering light. We think of them as having gone up higher, and as dwelling with Christ in the Paradise above. We think of them as now among the great cloud of witnesses looking down upon us from the heavenly world. We think of them as still interested in us, who are left behind in this land of sin and the curse, as rejoicing in our progress in the life of grace, and as weeping (if there be weeping there), over our falling into any sin, as waiting and watching for us also to land on those blissful shores, where sin can never reach us and sorrow can never come.

Eli Altfather departed this life June 17th, 1880, aged 69 years, 5 months and 3 days.

He was a member of Glade congregation of Zion charge, Somerset Co., Pa. He was made a member of the covenant in infancy already through baptism. In early manhood he assumed the covenant vows himself, and was kept in the grace of God's covenant until death. Hence he had the comforts and consolations of God's grace in his afflictions, and the hope of better things to come beyond the grave. He was a quiet, modest, humble Christian. He leaves an afflicted wife, three sons and one daughter to complete their pilgrimage on earth and then to follow him to the Canaan above. May they follow his faith and enter into his joy.

Tobias Miller fell asleep in Jesus, July 30th, A. D. 1880, aged 67 years, 4 months and 21 days.

In him a worthy elder of the same church and congregation as the above, has gone to the Church triumphant. He was neighbor to Brother Altfather, and was present at his funeral. May they not now be companions and enjoy sweet communion with each other in the Father's house on high?

Brother Miller entered upon the service of God in Christ at about the age of twenty-five years, and continued a good soldier of the great Captain to the end of life. At one time in life he carried on a distillery, but relinquished the business for moral reasons. He gave me his experience in words like these, "There is no use talking, a man *cannot* lead a Christian life and carry on a distillery." He was too conscientious for such a business. He was a mild, gentle, humble and peaceable man. A reader of THE MESSENGER, he was interested in the Church and its enterprises. A reader of the Scriptures, he was well versed in its doctrines and precepts, and firmly rooted and grounded in the faith of Christ, who also comforted him by His rod and staff, as he went down into the valley of the shadow of death.

He was the father of ten children, all of whom survive him. The footsteps of death had never entered the household before, and the youngest child is nearly the age of twenty-four, but now the head of the family must fall, and an afflicted widow and ten fatherless children mourn in the loss. May they seek a refuge in their distress, in the mercy, love and tender care of the omnipotent Father of all.

Elizabeth Hay died in the faith of Christ July 8th, A. D., 1880, aged 85 years, 9 months and 8 days.

This aged sister was a member of the Mt. Zion (or Hay) Church, Zion charge, Somerset Co., Pa. Her maiden name was Walker. Discipled into Christ in infancy, she assumed the duties and responsibilities of the Christian profession early in life in the solemn rite of confirmation administered by Father Giesy. The record she made in the Church book attests her faithful use of the means of grace. During the last thirty-one years of her life she was absent but *once* from the holy communion in her congregation. Surely they that are thus regular and faithful in the use of the means of grace here will be prepared for the kingdom of glory hereafter.

She was the mother of thirteen children, nine of whom are still living. She had been a widow for thirty-five years, having found a home during all these years with her son, Elder Philip Hay, where she also fell asleep. Her long life on earth was a blessing to her children and also to her grand-children. Five of her sons and two of her grandsons have reached the degree of elder in the Reformed Church. Her daughters are all Christians like their mother. May all her descendants imitate her steadfast faith, and her diligence in the use of the means of grace, that they may be made meet for the inheritance of the saints in glory everlasting!

H. F. K.

DIED.—Fell asleep in Jesus Christ, after a lingering illness, at her beautiful home, on the "Yellow Breeches," near Bowman's Dale, in Cumberland Co., Mrs. Fanny, beloved wife of Jacob B. Bishop, Esq., aged 56 years, 3 months and 13 days.

The deceased was a Christian lady of rare social gifts. Her whole life was employed in doing good. She would seek out the sad and sorrowful in her church and neighborhood, and in a mild and gentle tone, which comes to a wounded spirit like the breeze of Summer over a sick man's brow, when, for the first time, he has left the heavy air of his chamber, she would ask: "Is there anything I can do for you?" No wonder all the people said, at her large funeral, "She was a good lady." In all the relations of life, she was earnest, faithful, loving and true. As a wife, mother, Christian, friend, and neighbor she was a *model*. She was one of the earth's *excellent* ones, and now, that her body rests in the "Valley so low"—now, that angels have carried her soul to the Paradise of God—now, that we shall not see her earnest, lovely face any more in the home, the house of God, or anywhere, let us, who still tarry in the flesh, imitate her pious example that we may with her and all the saints be joined in one communion unto life everlasting. May we say: "On Christ I rest—His love and grace are my sole rock and hiding-place—in Him, I find refuge and salvation." She bore her sufferings *patiently* and died in *peace*. DELTA.

DIED.—Near Pleasantville, July 29th, Sarah Margaret, infant daughter of Robert and Mary Ann Allison, aged 2 months and 7 days.

DIED.—At Easton, Pa., July 27th, Maggie, eldest daughter of Jas. W. Carver, Tinicum, Pa., aged 17 years, 1 month, 18 days.

This tribute was paid to her by Misses Annie and Maria Fisher, her classmates in Sunday-school:

Maggie dear, how we will miss you
From our little class of four,
But we hope in heaven to meet you,
Where parting is no more.

Her teacher too will miss her sadly
When her face she'll see no more;
But we hope in heaven she may meet
Her little class of four. G. W. R.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Received of the White Marsh congregation, per Rev J D Deatrick, pastor, for the Imogene Mission, Iowa, Rev D P Lefevre, pastor, 15 00

SAM'L R. FISHER.

BETHANY ORPHAN'S HOME, WOMELSDORF, PA.

Receved of Mrs Biettenmiller, Phila.,	$ 5 00
C Schober, Phila.,	1 00
Jacob Bausman, Lancaster, Pa., paying mortgage debt,	100 00
Rev B Bausman, Reading, Pa., paying mortgage debt,	100 00
Henry Bausman, Lancaster, Pa., paying mortgage debt,	50 00
R Lawfer, Allentown, Pa., paying mortgage debt,	100 00
Rev B Bausman, from a lady friend, Reading, Pa., paying mortgage debt.	100 00

WM. D. GROSS *Treas.*
Box 2147. Philadelphia, Pa.

MILTON, PA.

We acknowledge with grateful hearts the following contributions from the Reformed Church at large, for the rebuilding of the Reformed church at Milton, Pa., which was destroyed by the fire May 14th, 1880.

Mahoning chg, Pa, Rev Abraham Bartholomew, pastor, additional, $13.68; Thornville chg, O, Rev F C Yost, pastor, 18.00; St Luke's cong, Martinsburg chg, Rev J D Miller, pastor, 5.53; D B——t, Reading, Pa, 2.50; Dryland chg, Rev M A Smith, pastor, 21.50; South Whitehall cong, Rev W R Hofford, pastor, 16.40; Hellertown chg, Rev A B Koplin, pastor, additional, 18.11; Plainfield chg, Rev E W Reinecke, D D, pastor, 36.84; Bernville chg, Rev T C Leinbach, pastor, additional, 51.15; Orangeville chg, Rev Alfred Houtz, pastor, 100.00; Bedford chg, Rev E N Kremer, pastor, 60.25. Total, $343.96.

The following amounts have been contributed for my individual use, for which these persons have my sincere thanks:—

W A Wilt & Son, York, Pa, $2.00; Rev T C Leinbach, Womelsdorf, Pa, 8.78; Rev J M Souder, New Castle, Pa, 5.00; Rev A J Heller, Arndtsville, Pa, 2.00. Total, $17.78.

S. B. SCHAFER,

Youth's Department.

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Suppose the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up;"
How many a weary traveler
Would miss its fragrant smell!
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dewdrop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dewdrop do?
I'd better roll away:"
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveler on his way:
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
That heard them talking so?

How many a deed of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength
And little wisdom too!
It wants a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by its love.

—*Children's Friend.*

THE FALSE GROSCHEN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

School was over and vacation at hand. Little Constant, on his way home, went springing over the market-place and along the street, his feet scarcely touching the earth; and the green case which hung from his shoulder, containing his slate and pencil and leather map, danced and bounded with him, as if they shared their little master's joy at the release from study through the warm summer days, and sympathized with the pleasure he felt in the approbation of his teachers.

At home, too, there was great rejoicing over the good report he brought. Mamma stroked her darling's fresh, rosy cheek and praised his application, while papa took out his brown pocket book and produced five silver groschens, bidding Constant buy what he pleased with them.

Now he was almost too happy—five whole silver groschens? The little boy had never possessed so much money. His riches quite overpowered him, and it was a hard matter to decide what he wished for. He had long desired a ball, but then it was glorious to peel the golden oranges and eat the juicy fruit—he had not eaten an orange since he recovered from the measles; and apples and pancakes were both very good. In fact, there was a multitude of fine things in the world which he could have for his groschens.

Constant thought and thought, and could come to no conclusion, until he suddenly remembered that his sisters had often wished for hoops to play with. This decided him. He would not squander his money on delicacies, but the sisters should be happy with him; and thinking of their agreeable surprise when he should present the hoops, he at once started out to look for them.

In the street he met his brother Fritz, and told his plans, requesting him at the same time to keep them secret. But there is a great difference between a design and its execution, and this Constant was soon to experience.

His way lay before a booth, upon which all kinds of cake and fruit were exposed for sale, and here he paused. He could look at the fine, great apples, he thought, the rosy-cheeked pears, and the oranges, yellow and round as the full moon, though he did not intend to buy any.

So he allowed himself the pleasure of a survey, and stood with great bravery admiring the tempting fruit. He was turning slowly away, when, alas! the master of the booth placed a dish of delicious, freshly-baked cakes before our Constant's little nose!

It was too much; who could withstand this? He stepped inside, and soon one, two, three were consumed, and instead of five silver groschens he had only four in his hand.

Now a weight fell upon his heart; his sisters could not have the wished-for hoops, nor he the pleasure of presenting them.

What should he do? he was ashamed of himself; and what could he get for the remaining money? The little fellow was very much troubled to decide.

Brother Karl had, indeed, spoken of a new game which was very good, and the merchant at the corner might have it.

Away he went at the thought, and to his joy found that the plaything cost just four groschens.

Pouring the money into the merchant's hand, he seized his purchase and turned toward the door; but the man stopped him.

"This groschen is good for nothing, my child," he said; "it is false, I cannot use it. Go home and bring another, and, till then, lay the plaything here."

Constant was quite overcome by this information. He returned the game and went quietly out, but in the street stood still in amazement, and stared at the money, turning over and over in his hand the false piece, which seemed to him like an apparition.

Now he had but three good groschens, and this would not buy the game. The little boy was so distressed that he almost burst into tears upon the spot.

"If I had only some one with whom to share my troubles," he thought, and glanced about questioningly, but saw only strangers who passed him without sympathy.

At last, however, his eye fell upon a boy who, though himself unnoticed, had been watching Constant for some time, and he stepped quickly to his side, forgetting that his mamma had strictly forbidden any intercourse with William, as the other was called

"You should go directly back to the booth from which the groschen came," said William, when he had heard the difficulty; and this advice was so sensible that Constant wondered he had not thought of it himself.

He followed it instantly; but the man would not hear him—so many people were pretending they had received bad money from him, he said—and Constant was again overwhelmed with dismay.

"You have nothing to grieve over," whispered William, drawing him away. "Be quiet; I will tell you how to contrive. Come with me," he added, when they were at a safe distance from the booth. "There is a merchant at the market-place who has toys to sell, and, notwithstanding the great spectacles he wears, he sees so badly that he will take your groschen for a good one, and you can buy the game."

"But that would not be right," objected Constant, walking disconsolately along.

William burst into a merry laugh.

"Not right!" he exclaimed. "You are a simpleton. Did you not take the groschen, and does the man care who gave it to you? What others do, you may; you have a right to preserve yourself, and it will save you a great deal of trouble."

The little boy was silenced by this view of the case, and, though not convinced of the truth of his companion's words, ventured to say no more; he withstood the inward voice which warned him to flee from this temptation, and followed William to the stall of the merchant with the great spectacles, asking in a faint voice for the game he desired. His hand trembled also as he extended it with the silver, and it seemed to him that he must surely be discovered. But no; the man threw the four groschens carelessly into the till with his other money, and the danger was over.

Yet the little delinquent felt bad; a weight lay upon his mind, and his breath came quickly as he returned through the well-known streets.

At home the delight of his sisters in their new toy, and the pleasure of his mother, who praised his unselfishness with a kind smile, felt like needle-pricks in his heart.

Yet, when the new game was fairly tried, and their mother had given them a whole cornucopia of ginger-nuts for their lunch, he was carried away by the gayety, forgot what he had experienced, and, rejoicing with the others, was soon the wildest among them.

At last bedtime came; the children had finished playing, and the gingercakes were all eaten. They went to their rooms, where Fritz, Karl, and Albert were soon fast asleep.

Not so with Constant. Why was it that he could not find the right position; that the pillows, stuffed with softest feathers, oppressed him, and sleep would not come?

And why was it that he could not pray? Many times he began to pray, but could not go on. It seemed to him that the good God could not hear him when he had wandered so far astray.

Some hours after, when his mother, before going herself to rest, entered the room to entreat a blessing on her children's heads, she found Constant still awake and dissolved in tears.

"Oh, am I not wicked, my dear, dear mamma?" he cried, as he saw her come in.

"What ails you, my child?" and the mother bent over him while Constant threw his arms around her neck with great fervor, and on her true heart laid the burden of his grief. Plentiful tears flew also to her eyes as she listened, for the sin of her child was a deep sorrow.

"Ah!" lamented Constant, as he finished his story. "Now the dear God is no longer good to me, and you will not love me more; now have I no one in heaven or on earth to love me."

"No," my child," answered his mother, "you cannot lose so lightly the love of God and your mother. Because God loves you so much, it grieves Him that you have departed from the right way."

"Tell me, then, what I can do to repair my fault," cried Constant, but the mother shook her head.

"Think, my child," she said; "but first let us pray."

When the prayer was over Constant said:

"Now I know, dear mamma. I will go to-morrow to the merchant, tell what I did, and beg his pardon."

The mother smiled assent, pleased with his answer, and at last he fell asleep.

The following day, remembering his resolution, Constant went again to the market-place, and told his fault to the merchant with many tears. The man listened in silence to the end, and then said, kindly:

"It is brave, my child, thus to accuse yourself. The loss of this groschen has not made me poor, and no doubt the impression upon your mind will never be effaced. I hope it will be a warning, and you will never again be tempted to commit an act of dishonesty."

And so it was. When, in the future, temptations came to Constant, he remembered the false groschen, and that gave him strength to withstand. And he never again spent a night like the one described.

EYE-SERVICE.

Eye-service is work done only under inspection, or the eye of the employer.

The apostle exhorts servants—and this will apply to all laborers, and to children and scholars—to be obedient to them that are their masters; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but with good-will, doing service as to the Lord, and not to men, etc.

Some laborers are diligent and faithful only when their employers are with them. They are ever ready to shirk when not seen. Every stroke of work they can avoid they regard as clear gain. They do not act on principle. They have no sense of right or wrong.

And some children, we are sorry to say, act in this way in regard to their duties to their parents and teachers. When out of sight, they are ready to neglect their duties. Now that is eye-service, and it is displeasing to God.

In our boyhood a man came to work for our father, in the woods. He came before breakfast, and was set to chopping at the wood-pile near the house, till breakfast was ready.

It was amusing, and also sad, to see his performance. He would chop a few strokes, and then stop, and look up to the house to see if breakfast wasn't ready.

By and by the bell rang for breakfast, just as his axe was raised for another stroke. Instead of giving that stroke, the poor lazy mortal stopped right there, and quietly took down his axe, and thus saved the blow. Was not that a fine specimen of eye-service?

This actual scene that we witnessed in our boyhood was recalled by the following paragraph of "Adam Bede." He says,—

"I cannot abide to see men throw away their tools the minute the clock begins to strike, as if they took no pleasure in their work, and were afraid of doing a stroke too much. I hate to see a man's arm drop down as if he were shot, before the clock has fairly struck, just as if he had never a bit of pride and delight in his work. The very grindstone will go on turning a bit after you lose it."

LITTLE DUTCH GRETCHEN.

Little Dutch Gretchen came over the sea
With an aunt in place of her mother,
"As like," so little Dutch Gretchen told me,
"As like as one pea to another."

Little Dutch Gretchen fell sick on the way,
A-sailing upon the dark water,
The captain came down to the cabin each day,
And called her his patient Dutch daughter.

Little Dutch Gretchen took pretzels and beer,
Hoping she soon would be better;
And at last when the end of the journey was near,
Dutch Gretchen sent homeward a letter.

"I'm better," Dutch Gretchen wrote first on the page,
"And my aunt is as kind as my mother;
But never a prison bird, shut in a cage,
Longed more to give one for the other.

"There's a look, and a tone, and a tenderer way,
A bosom more gentle to lie on,
And, mother, a love that will never grow gray,
And a heart that is blessed to die on.

"So, mother, I've said to the captain to-night,
To Bremen I'll sail back most gladly,
To tell you, if changing one's mother is right,
It's a trade that will cheat a child sadly."

And Little Dutch Gretchen went home o'er the sea,
And gave back her aunt for her mother;
"For they're not all the same," said Dutch Gretchen to me,
"Though as like as one pea to another."

—*New Jerusalem Messenger.*

SEWING-ACHES.

Jessie sat down by her mother to sew. She was making a pillow-case for her own little pillow.

"All this?" she asked, in a discontented tone, holding the seam out.

"That is not too much for a little girl who has a work-basket of her own," said mother.

"Yes," thought Jessie, "mother has given me a work-basket, and I ought to be willing to sew;" and with that she took a few stitches quite diligently.

"I have a dreadful pain at my side," said Jessie in a few minutes. "My thumb is very sore," she said a few moments after. "Oh, my hand is so tired!" was the next. Next there was something the matter with her foot, and then her eye, and so she was full of trouble. At length the sewing was done. Jessie brought it to her mother.

"Should I not first send for a doctor?" said her mother.

"The doctor for me, mother?" cried the little girl, as surprised as she could be.

"Certainly. A little girl so full of pains and aches must be sick; and the sooner we have the doctor the better."

"Oh, mother!" said Jessie, laughing, "they were sewing-aches. I am well now."

I have heard of other little girls besides Jessie who had sewing-aches and pains whenever their parents had work for them to do. This is a disease—called "selfishness;" and I hope none of my little readers are afflicted with it.—*The Myrtle.*

HOW SPOOLS ARE MADE.

Not long ago we saw the following description, and quote it to interest our young folks: "The works of the New England Spool Company are at Saugatuck, Conn. The wood used is birch, and comes from Maine in sticks about four feet long and about an inch square. It is piled under the sheds near the factory and allowed to season thoroughly. After becoming dry, it is taken into the factory and run through a machine which rounds the sticks so that they resemble broom handles. They are next run through a machine which saws the sticks into pieces about an inch and a half long. They are then assorted, the imperfect ones being thrown out and the good ones fed into a hopper from which they are emptied into cups attached to a belt which carries them upstairs and dumps them. They then run down in a sort of pipe and are received on a revolving plate, and as each one passes under a small auger the holes are bored and the small blocks are then ready for the machine which is to shape them. They are carried up the ceiling by a belt and emptied into a hopper, from which they are dropped one by one to a level with a lathe which is run at a very fast speed. By an ingenious piece of mechanism the blocks are placed on the lathe, and a knife of peculiar shape turns them into the desired shape in an instant. The spools for silk are then run through a machine which prints the name and letter upon both ends of the spool at the same time. The capacity of the works is now fifteen thousand gross, 2,160,000 spools a month. The Willimantic Linen Company takes the entire product of the works."

A PERSIAN LEGEND.

It is related of a Persian mother on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, that she made him swear never to tell a lie, and said: "Go, my son, I consign thee to God; and we shall not meet here again till the day of judgment."

The youth went away, and the party he traveled with were assaulted by robbers. One fellow asked the boy what he had, and he answered with a candor that surprised his questioner:

"Forty dinars are sewed up in my garments."

The robber laughed, thinking that the boy jested. Another asked him the same question and received the same answer. At last the chief called him and asked him what he had. The boy replied:

"I have told two of your people, already, that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes."

The chief ordered the clothes to be ripped open, and the money was found.

"And how came you to tell this?"

"Because," replied the boy, "I would not be false to my mother, whom I solemnly promised never to tell a lie."

"Child," said the chief, "art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother, and I am insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to God? Give me thy hand, that I may swear repentance on it." He did so, and his followers were struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," they said to the chief; "be the same in the paths of virtue." And taking the boy's hand they took the oath of repentance on it.

Pleasantries.

"Bob, what's steam?" "Boiling water." "That's right—compare it." "Positive boil, comparative boiler, superlative burst."

"THE CENSUS INFAMY" is what it is now called by the jealous citizens of St. Louis who have heard that Chicago has the larger population.

A familiar instance of color-blindness is that of a man taking a brown silk umbrella and leaving a green gingham in its place.

We have just heard of a classical substitute for the adjective *one-horse*. It is *monohippic*. The invention can be traced to a witty moment in the career of an eminent scholar and author.

Deaf and dumb people enjoy practicing on the cornet. They get all the advantage of the blowing and the pleasures of a distorted face under full pressure, without being obliged to hear the music.

Religious Intelligence.

Home.

Full census returns give Utah a population in round numbers of 144,000, an increase of sixty-five per cent. in ten years. At their last conference the Mormons reported that the Mormon population was 112,000, leaving 32,000 non-Mormons. In 1870 the non-Mormons were less than 10,000, an increase of two hundred per cent. The increase of the Mormon population is forty-five per cent.

During the reign of Pius IX, 30 new dioceses were created in the United States. At the opening of this century there was but one diocese here; now there are 61, besides 7 vicariates apostolic. The Catholic population is 6,143,222, ruled by 67 bishops and archbishops and 5,989 priests, who minister in 6,407 churches and chapels; 1,136 students were in theological seminaries last spring and 405,234 pupils in parochial schools. The denomination has also 1,726 mission stations, besides its regular churches, 687 colleges, seminaries, and academies, 2,246 parochial schools, and 373 charitable institutions.

METHODISTS IN UTAH.—A few years ago the Methodist church at Salt Lake City under the guidance of Chaplain McCabe, had made considerable headway against the powerful opposition that it encountered from the Mormons; but more recently it fell off in prosperity, and the work finally in a large degree was abandoned. The church has lately come into the hands of another energetic pastor, who promises to restore to it something, if not all, of the prosperity which it enjoyed under Chaplain McCabe. He already contemplates the re-establishment of the Sunday and day schools, which are looked upon as the agencies essential to making inroads upon the system of polygamy, and considerable hopefulness of good results from his work is felt in the Methodist denomination.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.—The Robert Raikes celebration brings to light some interesting statistics of Sunday-schools in this country. Last year the American Sunday-school Union organized 1,277 new schools, with 5,629 teachers and 4,627 scholars, many of them being in places where there were no other religious organizations. These figures are independent of the denominational schools organized by Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, and others, which add many thousands to the number. The Methodist Church alone has now more than 20,000 schools, with over 326,000 teachers and 1,538,000 scholars. This is an increase in four years of 139,580 scholars, 19,754 teachers, and 1,234 schools. During the same period 352,908 persons were converted in the schools. It is further said that the Sunday-school membership to-day of the Methodist Episcopal Church is larger than the church membership of the same denomination.

Abroad.

Five Presbyterian hospitals in India have treated 95,259 patients.

The Marquis of Ripon has issued an order for the discontinuance of official work in India on Sundays.

In Tokio, Japan, the Presbyterians have erected a brick building for a Theological Seminary, and a large wooden building for a boys' school.

The American Baptists have two churches in Stockholm, Sweden, and are about to form a third. There was an increase of 200 members the past year.

Baden-Baden is fixed upon as the place of meeting this year of the Old Catholic Congress. The congress will last three days—namely, from the 19th to the 21st of September, inclusive.

A gentleman has presented to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, in Victoria, a check for $50,000 in aid of building a divinity hall, and another has made a gift of $300,000 to found a university in South Australia.

The Rev. Daniel Edward, a Free Church minister of Breslau, writes that the gendarmes appeared on a recent Sunday in a Presbyterian meeting-house at Nedwes and took down forty-one names, which means that hearers and minister would alike be heavily fined.

The Roman Catholics of England are building a magnificent cathedral at South Kensington, London. It will rank in size next after St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. Over $1,000,000 have been raised for it, and money is still pouring in from all quarters. It will be in the florid Gothic style.

The Ecclesiastical Laws Amendment bill as finally enacted by the Prussian Parliament differs materially from the draft originally submitted by Prince Bismarck. It does not permit the Emperor to exempt candidates for livings from the secular examination prescribed, or the reinstatement of bishops deposed by the Ecclesiastical Court. It simply allows officiating clergymen to extend their clerical functions to parishes deprived of priests in consequence of the Falk laws. It authorizes the Government to confirm deputy bishops elected by orphaned chapters without exacting the oath enjoined by the same rigorous statutes. It enacts the important principle that recusant bishops shall not henceforth be deposed by the Ecclesiastical Court, but only declared incapable of exercising the functions of their holy office while refusing to obey the law of the land. Finally, it empowers the Government to resume the payment of their former contributions to the maintenance of the Roman Church, and to license the re-employment in hospitals of persons of either sex under holy vows.

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UP TRAINS.

Lve. Harrisburg,	8:00 A. M.	1:35 P. M.	4:20 P. M.	*8:45 P. M
Arr. Carlisle,	9:00 "	2:35 "	5:20 "	9:43 "
" Chambersb'g	10:30 "	4:00 "	6:45 "	11:20 "
" Hagerstown	11:30 "	5:00 "		
" Martinsburg	12:20 P. M.	6:20 "		

*Leaves Philadelphia 5:30 P. M.

DOWN TRAINS.

Lve. Martinsburg...	6:30 A. M.			2:30 P. M.
" Hagerstown....	8:00 "			3:30 "
" Chambersb'g	4:30 A. M.	9:00 "	1:00 P. M.	4:35 "
" Carlisle.....	5:45 "	10:20 "	2:20 "	6:00 "
Arr. Harrisburg*	6:40 "	11:20 "	3:20 "	7:00 "

*Arrives at Philadelphia 10:10 A. M.

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General News.

HOME.

Three masked villains gagged the postmaster at Millerton, Duchess Co., N. Y., and robbed his safe of $2000.

Two negroes tried to wreck a passenger train on the Piedmont Railroad near Danville, Va., on last Wednesday night.

Old John Bender and wife, whose numerous murders created great excitement in Kansas, some years ago, have at last been captured.

Two hundred and fifty insane patients were removed from Blockley Almshouse to the new Asylum at Norristown, on Wednesday last.

At Chautauqua, N. Y., on Saturday, addresses were delivered by Rev. Dr. Boardman and Mr. George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia; Professor Bowen, General Fiske and others.

It was estimated that there were on Sunday fully five thousand persons present at the Pitman Grove, N. J., camp-meeting, and services were held during nearly every hour of the day.

Nathan Bishop, L.L. D., one of the original members of the Board of Indian Commissioners appointed by General Grant, died on Saturday morning at Saratoga, of malarial fever. He was 71 years of age.

New York, Aug. 4.—The proposals to sell bonds to the Government to-day aggregated $6,398,900, of which the Secretary of the Treasury accepted $2,500,000 at 102-36 for 6s of 1880, and 104-56½ to 104-60 for 6s of 1881.

The United States steamship Powhatan, which has been cruising on the Cuban coast to prevent insults to the American flag by Spanish war vessels, has returned to Port Royal, S. C., and will be replaced by the Vandalia.

The cotton crop in Alabama has been so much damaged by worms and the recent rains that it is now feared that not more than half the cotton that was expected, four weeks ago, on the prairies and bottom lands will be made. The crop is also injured by rust.

Extensive preparations are being made at Bordentown for the third annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic of New Jersey, which will open on the 16th inst. and last until the 20th inclusive. It is expected that at least two thousand men will go into camp.

Rev. Dawson Burns, of London, addressed the National Temperance Society in New York on Saturday, on the progress of temperance reform in Great Britain. Addresses were also made by Judge James Black, of Pennsylvania, and Miss Willard.

A seven year old daughter of Mr. John Booth, of Lancaster, Pa., died of hydrophobia on the 2d inst. Tw months ago the child was bitten by a dog, at the Hershey farm, where she had gone for milk. The dog which had shown symptoms of rabies died the day after it bit the child.

The damaged stone at the top of the incomplete shaft of the Washington Monument at Washington, D. C., has been removed, and the work of completing the monument was begun on Saturday, the first stone being laid in the presence of President Hayes, who placed in the cement some coins bearing his initials and the date.

Dr. Tanner finished his forty days' fast at noon on Saturday, his weight then being 121½ pounds, a loss of 36 pounds since the beginning of his self-imposed task. During yesterday afternoon he partook of some nourishing food or drink every hour. About six o'clock his weight was 130 pounds. His physicians say that his recovery is something remarkable.

The display of a "Sunburst" in an O'Connell procession, in Toronto, on Friday, caused a riot the following day, between 600 Orangemen and Roman Catholics, both parties fighting with sticks and stones. The police charged on the mob, a few of whom were badly beaten. Constable Norman was so severely injured on the head with a stone that he is not expected to recover.

FOREIGN.

The amnestied Communists are pouring into Paris.

The elections in Brazil have been marked by bloody street fights.

Reports come that the Jesuits expelled from France are to settle in Wales.

Premier Gladstone has been very ill, and some fears were entertained last week that he would not recover.

London, Aug. 9.—The *Standard's* Berlin correspondent asserts that Russia has ordered two corvettes to proceed to Corea, where they will demand permission to remain in a Corean port. The assistance of the Washington Government has been asked for commercial negotiation with Corea.

A Constantinople despatch to the *Daily Telegraph* says: "An American missionary and his American servant, while on the road to relieve the famished population, found, with their throats cut, near Ismidt, the bodies of Doctor Parsons and his two servants, the murder of whom was announced in a despatch of the 21st ult. Their murderers have been arrested. They are two nomad Turks and have confeseed the crime."

London, July 9.—The *Daily News'* Cabul correspondent announces that the British force will finally evacuate Cabul on Wednesday, The Ameer will receive four lacs of rupees on Tuesday. He has succeeded in strengthening his party.

The *Times'* Calcutta correspondent says:—To abandon Cabul may mean the expenditure in a few years of fresh blood and treasure; to abandon Candahar may mean the loss of India.

London, Aug. 7.—A despatch from Constantinople gives the following full details of the murder of Dr. Parsons, the American missionary and his servant, Mar Ismid, several days ago: "Dr. Parsons, accompanied by an Armenian servant, was making a professional tour in the mountains, east of Ismid, and encamped on the night of the 4th inst. by the roadside in the vicinity of some Zuruks, a semi nomadic tribe. Two Zuruk shepherds, who have since been arrested, confessed, with cynical composure, that they shot the two travelers as they slept, and robbed them of their money, amounting to less than £1. As Dr. Parsons did not reach his destination at the expected time, and as his horses were found wandering about the hills, his friends instituted a search, and their bodies were discovered under some bushes near the scene of the murder. The authorities, on hearing that a despatch on the subject had been sent to the British Embassy, showed more than the usual zeal, and by threatening wholesale arrests, they induced the Zuruks to surrender the criminals, who are now imprisoned."

London, Aug. 7.—A Cabul despatch says: "The march of the force to Candahar is delayed until Sunday. Abdurrahman Khan shows every disposition to aid us. His brother-in law accompanies General Roberts to Candahar, as does also a son of Mushk-i-Alum. Abdurrahman Khan has sent a conciliatory deputation to Hashim Khan, the head of the anti-British faction at Ghazni."

An official despatch from the British commander at Candahar, dated the 3d inst., says: "Beyond slight skirmishing between the country people and troops covering working parties, nothing has occurred during the past three days. Ayoob Khan is reported as intending to resch Kohkaram, four miles southwest of Candahar, to-morrow or Thursday. No news has been received from Chaman-Choki or Khelat i Ghilzai since we shut ourselves up. The defensive preparations are proceeding satisfactorily. The entire Pathan population have left or been expelled. The wounded officers are doing well. The accurate number of our loss in the fight with Ayoob Khan is not yet known, but the former estimate is not far wrong—about 1100 killed and missing out of 2800."

The following from Quettah is dated the 5th inst.: "Ayoob Kahn is said to be within one march of Candahar, but is doubtful whether his force is sufficiently strong to make an attack. Large numbers of Ghazis are collecting around Candahar. There is no regular rising near the Khojak Pass, but the convoys are attacked by thieves."

A Cabul despatch of the 6th instant says: "There are some gatherings in Maidan and Wardak, but General Roberts will probably not be seriously opposed this side of Ghazni. Mushkel Alum's son will precede the force to conciliate the tribes and arrange for supplies. Abdurrahman Khan has moved six miles nearer the city on the departure of the British."

The hostilities between Chili and Peru are unabated. It is the announced intention of the Chilians to bombard Lima, which can be reached from their vessels. A Peruvian officer has, however, succeeded in blowing up a Chilian transport. The event is thus described in a despatch to the Associated Press:

PANAMA, July 24.—The Chilian transport Loa, purchased at the commencement of the present war, is the steamer which was blown up by a torpedo in Callao Bay on the 3d instant.

The affair caused great excitement in Lima and much glorification among the Peruvians. The plan adopted was the following as related to a correspondent of the *Star and Herald:* "A Peruvian officer took an ordinary fruit boat, put a torpedo in the bottom, and over this he placed a false bottom, resting on springs, kept down by the weight of the cargo. He then loaded it with a very choice assortment of camates, yucas, chirimoyas, granadellas, fowls and turkeys, green vegetables, etc., etc., and towing it out towards the blockading squadron before daylight, set it adrift. All day long that launch floated about, but the Chilians could not see it, until about 5 o'clock in the evening, fearing it would fall into neutral hands, a boat was sent out to bring it back. The Loa was doing duty, and seeing the boat from shore making toward the neutral vessels, caught sight of the launch, and at once turned towards it.

Seeing this, the boat from shore beat a hasty retreat. The Loa lowered two boats to fetch in the prize, and it was brought alongside, and the discharge at once commenced. As the weight in the launch was diminished the machinery in connection with the torpedoes was set free, and in a moment 300 pounds of dynamite were exploded, and the Loa was almost lifted out of the water. The effect, as described by those who were watching the operation with breathless interest from the shore was awful in the extreme. Every house and cellar was shaken to its foundation, and every ship in the bay shivered as though a fearful earthquake had spent its fury beneath them.

The fated ship appeared as enveloped in one mass of flame, which resolved itself into dense clouds of black smoke. When this cleared away she seemed not to have suffered, but suddenly she was observed to siuk at the stern, while her bows went high in the air and the Loa disappeared forever.

While all this was going on the Blanco Encalada and the Huescar were in their accustomed positions some eight miles distant, too far off to render any assistance to their unhappy comrades, or such of them as were left struggling in the water. The boats of the Thetis, Penguin, Alaska, Decres, and Garibaldi were quickly lowered and proceeded to the scene of the terrible event.

The two first-named ships succeeded in picking up 30, the Alaska 1, the Decres 3 or 4, and the Garibaldi 6, making about 40 in all, of whom it is probable many will die. At least 150 men perished. The only officers saved are the second commander (wounded), the doctor and engineer. The explosion occurred very close to the anchorage of the neutral squadron, and the disaster might easily have happened to one of them. The boat resembled an ordinary fruiterer, which might accidentally have broken adrift and got out to sea.

LETTER LIST.

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Callender, Rev S N, Christ, I F, (2).
Dittmar, Rev D N, Diefenderfer, J M, Deatrick, Rev W W.
Edmonds, Rev L C, Evans, Rev J M.
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Transue, J A, Tobias, Rev D C.
Weltner, C, Welker, Rev H J, Wire, S W, Wieand, Prof C S, (2), Warner, E F, Wetzel, J H (2), Wolbach, Rev J, Wagner, Rev J S.
Yeich, W R.

THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Aug. 7, 1880.

[The prices here given are wholesale.]

FLOUR.—We quote the whole range of prices as follows: Supers at $2.60@3.25; winter extras, $3.50@4; Pennsylvania family, new, $5@5.25; do. do., mixed and old, fair and choice, $5.25@5.50; Ohio and Indiana do., $5.37@6.25; St. Louis, do., $5.75@6.25; winter patent, $6.75@7.50; Minnesota bakers' extras, $5.50@6.25, chiefly $6@6.25; do. straights, $6.50@7; do. patents, $7.50@8.25. Rye Flour was in small supply and firm at $4.50@4.75, as to quality, for Pennsylvania.

WHEAT.—We note sales of 400 bushels rejected at $1.03; 800 bushels do. at $1.05; 800 bushels Delaware red, on dock, at $1.08; 400 bushels do. amber, on dock, at $1.10; 5 000 bushels do. red, on track, at 1.09½; 1,700 bushels do. do., afloat, at $1.10½; car lots No. 2 red, spot, in elevator at $1.09½; 5,000 bushels do. August 1.09⅝; 5,000 bushels do. do. at 1.09½, and 40,000 bushels do. October, at $1.10, closing at 1 P. M. with 1.09¾ bid and $1.09⅞ asked for August; $1.09⅝ bid and $1.10 asked for September, and $1.10 bid and $1.10½ asked for October. Shipments, 100,818 bushels. Stock in elevators, 714,330 bushels.

CORN.—We note sales of 3,600 bushels in lots, including rejected and steamer at 49@50c.; sail and high mixed at 51@52c. as to color, and prime yellow to arrive on track at 52½c. There were no sales at either call. At the first session, 49⅜c. was bid and 50c. asked for August, and at the second, 49⅝c. was bid for September, but the closing rates bid and asked at 1 P. M. were 49½@50c., August; 49⅝@50½c., September, and 50⅜@51c., October. Shipments, 70,327 bushels. Stock in elevators, 726,564 bushels.

OATS.—Sales comprised only a few cars, on a basis of 35@37c. for rejected white—the latter extra; 38c. to 39c. for No. 3 white; 40c. for No. 2, new; 41c. for do. old white, and 41c. for new No. 1 white, closing at open Board with 34⅞c. bid and 35½c. asked for No. 2 white August; 35c. bid and 35¾ asked for do. September, and 35⅝c. bid and 36c. asked for do. October.

RYE was neglected and in the absence of business quoted nominally at 65c. for Delaware and Western, and 70c. for prime Jersey and Pennsylvania.

GROCERIES.—Coffee was quiet, but about steady at former rates, with sales of 275 bags ordinary and good Rio at 12½@15⅝c.; 200 bags fair Laguayra at 14½@15a., and 75 bags fair Maracaibo at 15⅞@16½c. Raw Sugars were firm at 7⅞@7⅜c. for fair to good refining muscovados, with sales of 900 hogsheads Martinique on a basis of 7⅜c. for 88½@89 degrees test. Refined Sugars were steady at 10⅜c. for cut loaf, 10⅜c. for crushed, 10⅜c. for powdered, 10¼@10⅜c. for granulated and 10⅛c. for mould A. Molasses continued wholly nominal. Rice was dull and unchanged at 5½c. for poor up to 7¼c. for choice Carolina.

PROVISIONS.—We quote Mess Pork at $14.50; shoulders in salt, 5½@5½c.; do. smoked, 5¾@6c.; pickled bellies at 7⅞@8¼c., as to average; do. shoulders, 5½c. Loose butchers' Lard, 7¼c.; prime steam do., $7.87½; city kettle refined do. at 8@8½c. Beef Hams at $22@22.50; smoked do., 11@12c.; sweet pickled Hams, 9½@10c., as to average, with sales of 150 tierces within this range; extra India Mess Beef $16, f. o. b.; family, 11.50; packet do., $10.50. City Tallow, 6⅞@6 7-16c.

BUTTER.—We quote creamery extras, at 25@26c.; do., good to choice, 23@24c.; imitation creamery, 14@20c., as to quality; Bradford tubs, extras, 23@24c.; fair to good, 20@22c.; Western dairy, fancy, 19@20c.; do. fair to choice at 14@18c.; factory packed, 14@16c., as to quality; common grades, 10@12c. Rolls, 10@17c., the latter for choice. Prints—Fancy at 25@28c.; do. firsts at 20@24c.; do. seconds at 14 18c.

EGGS.—We quote fair Western at 14c., fresh do., in good order, at 15c., and Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and other near by stock at 15½c., in round lots, with comparatively small sales reported at 16c.

CHEESE.—We quote New York factory, choice, full cream, at 12@12½c.; fair to good do., 10¾@11¾c.; half skims, do., 8½@9½c.; Ohio, flat, fine, 10½@11c.; do., fair to good, 9½@10c.; do. half skims, 8½@9c.; soft skims, 6@8c.; and hard do., 4@6c., as to quality.

LIVE POULTRY was sluggish and weak, under full supplies with sales of Chickens at 11@12c., chiefly 11c., and Ducks at 7@8c., as to quality.

HAY AND STRAW.—Hay was dull and weak. Sales of No. 1 Western timothy in small bales at $19. Straw was sluggish but unchanged. We quote choice North Pennsylvania timothy Hay at $24@25; prime Western and York State do. at $19@20; fair and choice mixed do. at $18@19. Rye Straw at $18@19 for new; oat do. at $12, and wheat do. at $9@10 ₱ ton.

SEEDS.—Clover was firm at 8@9½c., with jobbing sales. Old Timothy was plenty and easier at $2.75@2.85, as to quality. Flax was salable to crushers at $1.30, but there was none on the market.

FEED was very dull and weak at $15 generally asked for prime winter wheat Bran, on the spot, with buyers' views fully 50c. lower as a rule, and few on the market at that.

Our readers who suffer from *Deafness* should read the advertisement of "HOPE FOR THE DEAF," which appears in another column.

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